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### Original Sketches.

#### A MANHATTANER IN NEW ORLEANS.

VIII.

##### RAIN AND MOSQUITOES.

My word for it, that if Professor Espy would take a front room on the second floor of any frame house in Marais street, in the First Municipality of New Orleans, and live within it six months; or hire an office near the corner of Poydras and St. Charles streets, within a minute's hail of Sol Smith's box office or the cracked trumpet of the itinerating circus opposite; he would acquire a lasting disgust of rain water, and leaving his theories of winds, clouds, and storms, betake himself to shingle whittling, or any other Yankee recreation which is as soothing to troubled nerves.

I have been on the Catskills when the roof of the Mountain House reverberated with the peltings of the rain, and when my spasmodic dreams were crowded by floating visions of drowning men and images of diluvian arks. I have worn out several umbrellas in my day; and overshoe-shod I have paddled the causeways of various cities; and so seen something of rain. But I never realized the capacity of the clouds for water until "going through a course" of the wet season in New Orleans. When there was little squeamishness, or modesty, or gentlemanly consideration in the rain drops. When the latter rarely gave due and generous notice of intention to commence action. When small glimpses of hope for an early cessation during progress were afforded. When the rain was now dogged, obstinate, and persevering; and now the rapidly succeeding showers charged the earth like reserve after reserve of cavalry in a battle.

The soil of the Crescent City, in the driest time of the seasons, is filled with humidity (and this to its utmost capacity, at two feet from the surface); and under favor of these aforementioned showers, soon overflows. Shunning the river, the choking gutters send their burdens swamp-ward, littering the angles of pavements with clumps of cotton and wool, heads of barrels, hogsheds sometimes; broken paper boxes, bits of pasteboard, twine and bagging rope; all which the ever-thirsty swamp licked, in course of time, into its capacious maw.

If you are a stranger in the city, and the

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clouds have liberally dispensed their favors all the night; and all unconscious to yourself the monotony of the falling rain has beguiled you into a late nap, and you arise at ten o'clock to view the prospect without, and then "to breakfast with what appetite you may," you have queer sights to look at. And queerer ones, if business or curiosity draw you out.

Pedestrians are standing on divers corners in a dreadful state of uncertainty, looking gloomily from their boots to the surging floods before them; now and then consulting watches, making feints to jump, and balking; until urged on by the still more dreadful visions of protested bills, undunned accounts, and lost bargains, "accoutred as they were plunging in." Astonished eastern men gazing from office windows, and turning to their Bibles (if any they have) for statistics respecting Noah's Ark. Piano strumming misses in the by-streets are executing "Home, sweet Home" (how soothingly the melody vibrates the outdoor air). Valiant bank runners and collecting clerks wading (apparently) unconcerned through Canal street, jostling nicely-poised umbrellas, or skilfully navigating them (aerial machines) about the tall heads and wide brimmed hats (the latter sometimes knocked off with provoking ease), and low balconies, and projecting signs, and nuisances of awning posts. Here and there fat men who are victims of circumstance are seen with large umbrellas—canopies, morelike, of silk and whalebone—in narrow streets, caught and brought hard up by a pile of bricks or a stack of boxes. The unemployed cab-horses everywhere are in melancholic attitudes winking and blinking, martyr-like, from behind their cosy headstalls, and smoking vigorously the passers-by. The drivers, with oilskin capes (as if one needed to be so cruelly reminded of the state of the weather), standing under dripping corners, and dexterously dividing the pouring streams about them with their whip lashes; or peering, aggravatingly, from the back seats of their vehicles through the leathern curtains.

Anon, the earth would seem tired of "staying herself with flagons," and as if by telegraphic direction the heavens would suspend their rain-drops. Then the air would become chilly, and the ascending moisture hang in fog as low as the lamp posts; the chimney-tops, and the St. Charles's Dome, and the tops of the flag-staffs skulk in a misty obscurity.

And again, when brisk allusions to that clearing-up shower had circulated through the city, the rain would once more descend in torrents, and set at defiance all deductions and calculations of meteorology.

I never take up a newspaper, and read from the price-current of the day the words, "in consequence of the weather yesterday out-door operations were suspended, and sales of produce were limited," but I know directly that the said "yesterday" was a day like the one above described.

I often roar with laughter, even in my bluish, dumpish moments, at thoughts of a ludicrous scene once witnessed by me, an incident of a rainy day; when, as one may well imagine, the slightest incident is worthy of being booked (for a rarity), like one of Prince

Albert's jokes. The water was six inches deep on the corner of St. Charles and Canal streets, and my pedestrianism was at a standstill in a fruiterer's shop. Cab-horses were splashing and spattering along like country nags in shallow meadow creeks; and timid clerks in patent leather boots (caught untimely with them on by a bit of deceptive sunshine at early morning) waded shiveringly by, looking grimly at the "Musson granite buildings" opposite, that just as grimly looked back at them. The stands of the fruiterer on the curb (the shelves running from awning post to awning post) were filled with high-priced oranges and watermelons (sunny May, by good rights, reader). A knot of lazy negro boys on the opposite corner showed their white teeth on the black prospect about them, and wistfully eyed the pilatable merchandise across the surging currents. Presently a cabman turning the corner, deceived by the overflowing gutter, drove a wheel upon the curb, and with the lurch of his vehicle turned over some shelves of the fruit stand. In a moment the miniature maelstroms and gulf streams all about had caught in their embraces hundreds of oranges and scores of watermelons, that went floating towards the swamp. The fruiterer was paralysed; an Italian, too, and Monsieur Cabbey within tongue and fist distance! Not so the knot of negro *garçons* opposite. The knot quickly untied and plunged in hot pursuit of the escaping fruit; and with a strict observance of the laws of political economy regulating the division of labor; since no two seized the same melon or clutched the same orange. A group of boys on an upper corner also wished to share the spoils; and a struggle followed their arrival, with a probability of soon testing the swimming qualities of all the party. This aroused the owner of the commodities, fast becoming, in a legal sense, flotsam and jetsam; and the now enraged fruiterer rushed after the predatory bands. But they had two blocks of flooded causeway the start, and much of the spoils was already appropriated. Thinking more of punishment than of his property, he caught an orange at every step and hurled it at the retreating enemy, to the astonishment of quiet lookers-on from drawing room windows, until at last, what with the captures and his own reckless expenditure of ammunition, he was bankrupt in melons and oranges.

The latter, if there is any value in the old saying regarding stolen fruit, were sweet morsels to many a palate in the Faubourgs that night.

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Of course, where such a swampy soil and so much rain is found, that eighth plague to modern Egyptians, the mosquito tribe (insect, and not Indians), are to be discovered without great scrutiny. Your mosquito is a sad drawback in the sunny days and pleasant nights of a New Orleans exile. The Mosquito! whose bark is perhaps more disagreeable than his bite.

The month of March in the Crescent City, whether he comes in lamb-like or lion-like, brings mosquitoes, which by April have completely colonized bedrooms, drawing-room, and

saloons; nay, "all out-doors" besides. And of two classes. One for night duty, one for the tasks of daylight; both equally systematic in all the details of their operations. When twilight deepens, the class that have slept all day in obscure retreats behind curtains, and in wardrobes, and in the shadows of furniture, sally forth and dance about with a noise like the humming of a boarding school of tops. Then is reading a suspended recreation. Old gloves are a treasure. The presence of a veteran cigar-smoker is a prize. Fans are a luxury. Woe to that person who becomes immersed in thought, or interested in conversation, or overcome by drowsiness in exposed situations. In ten minutes' time mosquitoes have duly marked him as a rash man; and on the morrow his mirror will become suggestive of small-pox; and his cologne bottle and flesh brush will find active employment in the duties of the toilet.

One retires to rest, and, with as much of the rapidity of lightning as can be employed by nervous fingers, draws his bar of netting and duly tucks it in; forming a wall secure against the assaults and mining and sapping operations of the whole mosquito army. Behind this he lies until morning, and can sing to his heart's content "beneath cool shades reposing" with an orchestral accompaniment whose only fault is its monotony.

There is much of science to be displayed in getting beneath this netting of the bed so that none of the hungry swarms accompany you. I found it no bad plan to institute a feigned attack upon one side, thus drawing thitherward every insect in the room; and then making a rapid march for the other side escape them thence into the snug quarters of your bed. Or taking a corner seat for a few moments as if about to read; and when the wily insects are beguiled towards you make the same rapid march for the further corner of the bed. Perhaps often there will be a few mosquitoes who have already obtained an entrance (admitted to the bar under some new constitution and without an examination), after ingeniously plotting and planning through the daylight like the burglars they are. These must be carefully assassinated, while some good friend without or your body servant holds the light in assistance of the tedious search that must sometimes supervene before the prey be ensnared. In default of the friend or the body servant, a little experience, and an attentive ear, will make you a sharp-shooter even in the shade of night, as, guided by the humming of the enemy, you track him to execution.

Old jokers will tell you of mosquitoes who contemptuously spurn bars and netting; and who will crib your bed of straw or even mattress hair, and suck you (julep wise) from without. But this is scan. mag. against the whole insect tribe, and Porter of the "Piscayune" should long ago have been assessed in damages for the story.

Cunning and sagacity are eminent characteristics of the mosquitoes of New Orleans. Those who in the daylight most do congregate, know a cane-backed chair a room's length off. They can detect a slight break of leather in your boots as soon as brought within their reach. They are sworn enemies to holes in the elbows or short arm coat-cuffs; or low shoes; or bare necks; or gaping shirt frills. And a man in their company need examine well his hat before tipping his head with it, or combing and brushing of hair will become rather an exercise than a mere duty of the toilet.

But joking and metaphor aside, the mosqui-

toes of New Orleans deserve a distinct niche in the temple of its history. They are parts and parcels of its population; coming between the negroes and the mules in nuisance valuation; and far before all men, women, and children in point of numbers. They are differently sized, and differently shaped, and differently armed, and differently aged, and differently educated, according as they are in different sections of the city. The first municipality possesses its mosquito denizen who has become torpid, sluggish, and lazy. Then there are the mosquitoes of the second municipality, who are active, energetic, enterprising; who get fat on borrowed capital, who serve and receipt their own bills, who are always active and vigilant. Some of them are dainty, and associate only with fat people whose nightmares are based upon turtle steaks and oyster pies. Others have a promiscuous appetite, and cling to drayman, hoosier, and banker with equal tenacity. Some are deficient in instinct, and suffer, or die unknown and unregretted in damp corners of closets and on dusty window panes, while their more shrewd and crafty brethren get fat and audacious. Some live through many seasons; seemingly smelling a frosty day twelve hours off, and duly housing in some cast off garment which prudent observation has taught them will not be called into active service; or seeking the friendly aid of a warm chimney corner whither no dust cloth or broom of vigilant housemaids may track them. Some have eyes keen as their bills (these are on the day watch, who are old the moment they come into this breathing world, to judge from the greyness of their moustache and hair) and will watch from a corner of the room until you are absorbed in reading or writing or in reflection, then making a sudden dash, lance you, take a long pull (like a thirsty man at an iced ale), and withdraw to a rumination; whilst you are left to scratch and rub at leisure the small sized mountains raised upon the place of their visitation by the poison left behind. These do not expose themselves to assassination; but are wary and watchful. Speaking *à la militaire*, if you are eyes right, they have left; if you are eyes front, they fall on your rear; if your eyes are all over, they are nowhere. If you strive at any time to clutch or imprison them in the closing palms, you will find that, Macbeth-like, you had but clutched an airy and unsubstantial vision.

So much for rain and mosquitoes in New Orleans. But I advise you, reader, neither on the faith of my representations (true as gospel though they are) nor on those of any one else, to throw either topic in the teeth of your true blooded Crescent citizen.

He rather likes them than otherwise; and calls them agreeable peculiarities of climate, as your Gothamite speaks of mud, and your Bostonian of zero weather or easterly winds over Cambridgeport bridge.

#### THE DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

BY EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D.,  
Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," &c.

OUR readers will gladly join in acknowledgment to Mr. Putnam, the publisher of the American edition of Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," of the courtesy which permits the following letter from Dr. Robinson to be printed entire in the *Literary World*. It is addressed to Mr. Putnam, and will appear as a Preface to his forthcoming edition. We have especial satisfaction in publishing this paper, in connexion with other articles on the Antiquities of the East, which have been given

from time to time in this journal, from the pen of Dr. Robinson.

To G. P. PUTNAM, Esq.

*My Dear Sir:*—You request my opinion of Mr. LAYARD's volumes entitled: *NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS*; which you are about to introduce to the American public. I concur entirely with you in regarding this as a work of very high interest and importance; and as destined to mark an epoch in the wonderful progress of knowledge at the present day.

In this general progress the nineteenth century stands pre-eminent. In physical science, the brilliant discoveries of Davy and others have changed the whole face of Chemistry. The steam-engine, though in a measure earlier perfected, has first in our day been applied with its mighty energies to navigation, to locomotion on land, and (not least) to the printing-press. The flitting sunbeam has been grasped, and made to do man's bidding in place of painter's pencil. And although Franklin tamed the lightning, yet not until yesterday has its instantaneous flash been made the vehicle of language; thus, in the transmission of thought, annihilating space and time. The last forty years likewise bear witness to the exploration of many lands of ancient renown; and our present exact and full acquaintance with the regions and monuments of Greece and Egypt, of Asia Minor and the Holy Land, is the result of the awakened activity, coupled with the enlarged facilities, of the nineteenth century.—In all these discoveries and observations, it is not too much to say, that our country has borne at least her proportionate part.

There is another aspect. For very many centuries the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language; the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writing of a former people; whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls and palaces of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enroll the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns; but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the nineteenth century, the keys of these locked up treasures have been found; and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out; and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered; but the meagre contents leave us still in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The cuneiform or arrowheaded inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the Scriptures and other ancient writings.—Of all the works, in which the progress and results of these discoveries have been made known, not one has been reproduced or made generally accessible in this country. The scholar who would become acquainted with them and make them his own, must still have recourse to the old world.

The work of Mr. Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have



to do, not with hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disinterment of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city "of three days' journey" that was "laid waste and there was none to bemoan her," whose greatness sank when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again to testify to her own splendor, and to the civilization and power and magnificence of the Assyrian empire. This may be said, therefore, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century. But the century as yet is only half elapsed.

Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ; less than 150 years after Rome was founded. Her latest monuments, therefore, date back not less than five-and-twenty centuries; while the foundation of her earliest is lost in an unknown antiquity. When the ten thousand Greeks marched over this plain in their celebrated retreat (400 B. C.) they found in one part a ruined city called Larissa; and in connexion with it, Xenophon, their leader and historian, describes what is now the pyramid of Nimroud. But he heard not the name of Nineveh; it was already forgotten on its site; though it appears again in later Greek and Roman writers. Even at that time the widely extended walls and ramparts of Nineveh had perished; and mounds covering magnificent palaces alone remained at the extremities of the ancient city, or in its vicinity, much as at the present day.

Of the site of Nineveh there is scarcely a further mention, beyond the brief notices of Benjamin of Tudela and Abulfeda, until Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds nearly a century ago. In 1820 Mr. Rich visited the spot; he obtained a few square sun-dried bricks with inscriptions, and some other slight remains; and we can all remember the profound impression made upon the public mind even by these cursory memorials of Nineveh and Babylon.

We first hear of Mr. Layard in 1840; when, after having in the preceding year travelled with a single companion through all Syria, we find him in company with Mr. Ainsworth visiting the mounds of Kalah Shergat, and the ruins of el-Hather, the ancient Hatra in the desert. As he afterwards floated down the Tigris from Mosul to Baghdad; and passed, some sixteen miles below Mosul, the great mound of Nimroud, the most important of all; he formed the purpose of exploring at some future time these singular remains; and he subsequently called the attention of M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, to this particular spot. Meantime the latter began, in 1843, to excavate the mound of Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul; but soon transferred his labors to Khorsabad, a mound and village twelve miles northeast of Mosul, at the foot of the Kurdish mountains. Here M. Botta's efforts were crowned with success; and Mr. Layard gracefully acknowledges, that "to him is due the honor of having found the first Assyrian monument." His excavations were continued through 1844; and the results have been given to the world in a magnificent series of engravings, published at the expense of the French government. But most important as are these memorials, they are nevertheless surpassed, in extent and antiquity, by those found by Mr. Layard in the larger and more ancient edifices exhumed at Nimroud.

The volumes of Mr. Layard contain an ac-

count of the labors carried on by him at Nimroud from November, 1845, until April, 1847; and also of the less extensive excavations made at Kalah Shergat and Kouyunjik. It has been truly said, that the narrative is like a romance. In its incidents and descriptions it does indeed remind one continually of an Arabian tale of wonders and genii. The style is simple and direct, without ornament and without effort; yet lively, vigorous, and graphic. Many difficulties did he have to encounter with Pashas and Sheikhs, Cadis and Ulemas, with Arabs of the plain and Chaldeans of the mountains, in moulding them for the accomplishment of his great purpose. These are often amusing, and are described with effect. In this way the work presents us with a better insight into oriental character and manners and customs, than is often to be found in volumes expressly devoted to these topics. The energy, skill, and perseverance everywhere displayed by Mr. Layard, as also his singular tact and judgment in the management of the Arabs, are worthy of all praise. This is probably the first instance, in which so many of this wild and excitable race, these sons of the desert, have been for so long a time brought under the influence of a single Frank, and led to follow regular and protracted labor.

In the latter portion of the second volume Mr. Layard gives a summary view of the results of his investigations, and of their bearing upon the history of the Assyrians. The monuments are yet too few to furnish full illustration; but they make us in many respects better acquainted with that powerful people, than all the accounts we have heretofore possessed. We may hope that Mr. Layard will yet be spared to prosecute like researches throughout the Assyrian and Mesopotamian plains, teeming as they do with similar mounds; and that the time will come, when all the monuments of those regions shall be laid open and deciphered.

Besides the specimens of beautiful glass and the pulley found at Nimroud, an unexpected discovery is that of the arch. The importance of this rests, not so much perhaps in the mere circumstance of a single small vaulted chamber, as in the fact brought out by Mr. Layard, that "arched gateways are continually represented in bas-reliefs." It follows that the arch was well known before the Jewish exile, and at least seven or eight centuries before the time of Herod. Diodorus Siculus also relates, that the tunnel from the Euphrates at Babylon, ascribed to Semiramis, was vaulted (Hist. ii. 9). All this serves to remove the difficulty, still felt by some, in respect to the antiquity of the vaults still existing under the site of the temple at Jerusalem.

During the progress of the excavations, Mr. Layard made various excursions into the adjacent regions. On the west of the Tigris he visited el-Hather with a large party from Mosul; and at another time the mountain of Sinjar, a seat of the Yezidis, in company with the Pasha and his military retinue. The accounts of both these journeys are full of incident, comprising alike the foray and treachery of the nomadic Bedawin, and the deadly fray and pillage of the Turk. On the east of the Tigris, in the border of the Kurdish mountains, he paid a visit to the chief of the Yezidis, and was present at the yearly festival in honor of their great saint. On another occasion he extended his journey into the mountains among the Nestorians; travelled through the district of the Tiyari, still lying desolate after the recent massacre, and passed into that of Tkhoma just before it was in like manner destroyed.

Here, too, the narrative is exceedingly interesting; though there is less of new information. The chapter on the history and doctrines of the Nestorian Christians is hardly in its place.

Such being the general character of Mr. Layard's volumes, I cannot but rejoice that they are to be made accessible to our reading public; nor can I doubt that every reader will feel himself rewarded and profited by the perusal.

Permit me to add a few words relating to the Nestorian Christians, with whom Mr. Layard came in contact, as above mentioned.

Mr. Layard gives usually to this whole people the name of *Chaldeans*. In so doing I cannot help feeling that he goes further than the historical facts warrant. As a Christian people, there is little, and perhaps no evidence, that they bore this appellation before the submission of a portion of them in modern times to Papal authority. Assemani is the first writer who speaks of them generally as Chaldeans or Assyrians; but in so doing he is not borne out by his own authorities. If some of their patriarchs, as Mr. Layard affirms, did at an earlier period style themselves "Patriarch of the Chaldeans," it was but an empty form; just as the Romish bishop at Baghdad still proclaims himself "Bishop of Babylon." The name of the Chaldeans, as a nation, was extinct long before the Christian era. Neither Josephus, nor Strabo, nor Pliny has it, except as they speak of earlier ages. The kingdom of the Seleucidae, the successors of Alexander, was a *Syrian* kingdom. The Christian Church established in those regions was the great *Syrian* Church; and so continued, until in the fifth century it was divided into the two branches of Jacobites and Nestorians. The name *Chaldeans* belongs as properly to one of these branches as to the other; but strictly to neither.

While in the country of the Nestorians, Mr. Layard is naturally led to speak of the American Missionaries among that people. His mention of them is kind and respectful, and in itself unexceptionable. Of the missionaries in the mountains, he says: "They were most zealous and worthy men. . . . I never heard their names mentioned by the Tiyari, and most particularly that of Dr. Grant, without expressions of profound respect, amounting almost to veneration." I would not refer to the subject here, had not the Quarterly Review, in its recent article on Mr. Layard's book, gone out of its way to assert in this connexion "that this American Mission was in some degree connected with the fatal end of these happy communities" (Quart. Rev. Dec. 1848, p. 122). The idea here conveyed is, that the mission was in some degree the occasion of that destruction. This is a calumny for which there never was the slightest foundation; it is disproved by all the facts; it was refuted on the spot by Dr. Grant himself; and is now offensively revived, years after the death of the devoted missionary most affected by it.

The circumstances of the Kurdish invasion, with which Mr. Layard seems not to have been fully acquainted, are given in detail by Dr. Grant, in letters published in the Missionary Herald for Nov. 1843, and Feb. and March, 1844. The first irruption of the Kurds, with fire and sword, into the country of the Tiyari, took place early in July, 1843. Only three weeks before, Dr. Grant, by special invitation, had visited the two Kurdish leaders, Beder Khan Bey and Nurullah Bey, and had spent ten days at their encampment. The invasion was then in open preparation; and Dr. Grant learned that Beder Khan had spoken of his

building in Ashita, and had said that he would drive him from the mountains. "To me, however," he continues, "his deportment was apparently very friendly; and he repeatedly told me, that in case of his intended invasion of Tiyari our house and property should remain entirely safe; he also added, that any Nestorians who might take shelter with me should be unmolested." After his return to Ashita, Dr. Grant had barely time to remove the effects of the mission to Mosul, when the storm broke over the mountains. But the Kurdish leader kept his promise; and Ashita and its valley, comprising four large villages, were spared in the general destruction and massacre. An exorbitant tribute was laid upon them, and a Kurdish governor was stationed in the mission-house. But it was not until the following October, three months later, and after the high-spirited Nestorians rose upon the new governor, killed some of his attendants, shut him up in his castle, and were on the point of capturing him and his party, that Beder Khan Bey again appeared and completed the tragedy. Dr. Grant justly remarks: "This [temporary] preservation of Ashita and its valley is attributed by the Nestorian patriarch, to our mission-house, and the regard of the Kurds for ourselves. This much is quite evident, that had our building been an occasion of the invasion, the villages that were spared would have been the first to fall. But they were spared quite long enough to disprove, if such evidence were wanting, this absurd calumny" (Miss. Herald, March, 1844, p. 83).

These scenes of massacre and desolation were, without much doubt, the results of a deliberate plan on the part of the Turkish government. "There is positive evidence that the Kurds were acting by orders of the Turkish authorities in the first invasion." Their purpose was, first, by means of the Kurds to subdue the independent Nestorians, in order that afterwards they might the more easily crush the Kurds, and thus extend the Turkish authority over the whole country. Their plan has been successful. The Nestorians are utterly subjugated. As to the fate of the Kurds, Mr. Layard relates the overthrow of Beder Khan Bey, and his banishment to the Island of Candia in 1846; and the latest intelligence from those regions informs us, that at the close of 1848 the Turkish government were collecting forces, in order to seize Nurullah Bey and permanently remove him from the mountains.

In conclusion, I merely add, what is generally known, that certain influences are understood to have been at work in Mosul, tending not only to magnify the historical character and lineage of the Chaldeans so called, but also to counteract the efforts of the American Missionaries in the mountains. It is not impossible that even Mr. Layard may have been affected by some of these, without being aware of their existence.

Ever truly yours,  
E. ROBINSON.

Union Theological Seminary,  
New York, March, 1849.

#### MARYLAND HISTORY.

*History of Maryland, from its First Settlement in 1634 to the Year 1848.* By James McSherry. Baltimore: John Murphy. 1849.

WE have been refreshing our recollections of the early settlement and history of Maryland over this work, and have thus somewhat delayed our notice of it. It is a condensation, in popular form, of the histories of Bozman and McMahon, with the aid of collaterals, some of

them drawn from the archives of the Maryland Historical Society, to whose valuable collections the author acknowledges his obligations. The journal of Rev. Father Andrew White, a Jesuit priest, one of two who accompanied the first colonists, the original manuscript of which, in Latin, is in the Library of Georgetown College, is also here given at length, and describes, in a most interesting manner, the landing of the "pilgrims," as he and other Catholic writers have called the first settlers, and gives an account of their reception by the Piscataways, their appearance and customs. Father White's journal begins thus:—

"On the 22d day of November, 1633, being St. Cecilia's day, the 'Ark' and the 'Dove' weighed anchor from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.' The pious pilgrims 'placed their ships under the protection of God, imploring the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland,' for the success of the great enterprise which they had undertaken. They left behind them the homes, in which they had been born, their friends and relatives, to face the dangers of the sea, and the perils and hardships of a wilderness, in order to plant the seed of freedom and religious liberty—to secure to themselves and their children the inestimable privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences. It was a mighty undertaking; standing out in history, as an era in the progress of mankind."

The first sight of their destination is thus given by the worthy Father:—

"At length on the 24th of February, they came in sight of Point Comfort in Virginia. They were now approaching the termination of their wanderings. Yet this joyful prospect was somewhat clouded by the fear of hostility, on the part of the Virginians, who were resolutely opposed to Lord Baltimore's design; but the royal letters, which they bore with them, secured them a favorable reception from the governor, and, after spending eight or nine days in that colony, they again set sail on the 3d of March, steering for the mouth of the Potomac, to which they gave the name of St. Gregory. They had now arrived in the land of their adoption, and they were delighted with the wide expanse of the noble bay, and the majestic river, upon whose shores they were about to rear up an empire. On the banks of the Potomac, they found mighty forests, stretching as far as the eye could reach; a soil, rich and fertile—the air, sweet and balmy, although it was now in the month of March; and they returned thanks to God for the beautiful land which he had given them—for this was MARYLAND!"

"On the beach, they beheld groups of armed natives, prepared to resist their landing, during the day; and at night they saw innumerable alarm fires kindled throughout the country to assemble the savage tribes, while messengers passed from one to the other far into the interior, carrying the strange tidings 'that canoes, as big as an island, had brought as many men as there were trees in the forest.' In spite of all these demonstrations of hostility, they succeeded in establishing confidence in the breasts of the natives; and having satisfied them that their intentions were peaceful, at length purchased from them the territory which they required. Maryland was almost the only state whose early settlement was not stained with the blood of the unfortunate natives."

The first work of Leonard Calvert, the brother of Lord Baltimore, and sent by him in charge of the expedition, was to found a city, to be the capital of his dominions, and the journal thus gives an account of it:—

"The governor had brought with him, from Virginia, Captain Henry Fleet, who was well acquainted with the Indian tribes, and spoke their language. This man now directed them to a spot very suitable for the site of a town, and, weighing anchor, the whole colony sailed from St. Cle-

ment's. They entered the mouth of the St. Mary's river, on the left bank of which was the village of King Yaocmico. On the right shore, about a thousand paces from the river, they selected a site, and having purchased from the Indians, in exchange for hatchets, axes, hoes, and cloth, about thirty miles of territory, which they called 'Augusta Caroline,' now the county of St. Mary's, they landed in great solemnity, and began the founding of the city of St. Mary's.

"The men on shore were drawn out in military array, firing salutes in honor of the occasion, while salvos of artillery, from the ships, filled the hearts of the savages with wonder and dismay. With great pomp and ceremony, the pilgrims then took possession of the soil, which they had purchased from the native owners. This important event took place on the 27th of March, 1634, and may be considered as the date of the actual settlement of the state; although, it would seem, from the solemnities on the island of St. Clement, that the pilgrims intended on that day, being the feast of the Annunciation, to take formal possession of the province of Maryland. In every other colony along the Atlantic, men, who had, perhaps, fled from persecution, reared up a persecuting altar or an exclusive franchise; around the rough hewn cross, on the island of St. Clement, gathered the Catholic and the Protestant, hand in hand, friends and brothers, equal in civil rights, and secure alike in the free and full enjoyment of either creed. It was a day, whose memory should make the Maryland heart bound with pride and pleasure."

Of the ancient city of St. Mary's, the founding of which is thus related, not a vestige remains. On a visit which we made to it some years ago, we rode over the whole ground, and could find but three spots that could be identified as the sites of former occupation. One of these was the ruins of the first church erected in the place, which, as the outline shows, was a cruciform building, of brick, on a beautifully rounded hill, rising from the inlet which the St. Mary's River makes at this point, and crowned by a magnificent old sycamore tree of immense girth, with "his hundred arms so strong," now fast decaying, and falling off limb by limb. The other spots pointed out to us were the Governor's house, and the Storehouse, from the former of which we brought away the only whole brick we could find, among some of the relics of the past. In the grave-yard around the site of the old church, we saw a wooden tomb stone, if we may so call it, which shows an instance of the durability of some kinds of this material which is surprising. It was of red cedar, some three feet high, by a foot and a half wide and half a foot thick, in perfect preservation, not even to be shaken in its earthy socket, and bearing the date of 1717, the rest of the inscription being illegible. We saw also at the house of Dr. Jones, in the neighborhood, one of the volumes belonging to the first "State Library," as it might be called, a volume of Rapin's History, lettered on the back, "belonging to the Library at St. Mary's." The State of Maryland, in a recent grant for the establishment of an Academy at this ancient site, has required that it shall provide a museum, or depository, for all such relics as may be found on the place, or be presented by persons in the vicinity.

An interesting portion of Mr. McSherry's History is devoted to the battles of the old "Maryland Line," as the quota of troops furnished by Maryland in the Revolutionary War was designated. The part which it bore on its first entrance into the field, in repulsing Cornwallis, on Long Island, is so well detailed that we are tempted to give it entire:—

"In the early part of July, admiral Lord Howe joined his brother with a fleet of 150 sail and a reinforcement of 20,000 men—swelling his force to



30,000. The American army under Washington, after being reinforced by several bodies of militia, amounted only to 17,000 men, of whom nearly one-fifth were sick and unfit for duty.

"It was at this dark hour that the Maryland line was destined to enter the field, and bear the first shock of battle. No sooner was the approach of Howe known in Maryland, than Smallwood's regiment took up its route for the seat of war. On the 10th of July, six companies under Smallwood himself, from Annapolis, and three from Baltimore, embarked for the head of Elk river, whence they marched to New York and were incorporated into Lord Stirling's brigade. Well appointed and organized, composed of young and spirited men who had already acquired the skill and precision of drilled soldiers, and coming at a time when the army was lamentably deficient in discipline, they immediately won the confidence of the commander-in-chief; and, from the moment of their arrival, were thrown upon the advanced posts and disposed as covering parties. On the 20th of August the four independent companies remaining in Maryland, were ordered by the convention to join Col. Smallwood, and place themselves under his command, thus incorporating the whole force of 1444 men in one body. The brigadier general of the Maryland flying camp now rapidly organizing, was also ordered to be subject to Colonel Smallwood's command, and the county committees were urged to hasten the enrolments and forward the men to the camp as fast as possible.

"From the 21st of August to the 27th, the British were occupied in landing their forces on Long Island. On the 20th, the Maryland troops, together with those of Delaware, were ordered over to the scene of the approaching conflict. Col. Smallwood, and Lieut. Col. Ware, were detained in New York, sitting on a court martial; they applied in vain to Gen. Washington to permit them to accompany their men, and the battalion marched under the command of Major Gist. The American army under Putnam, was drawn out to occupy the passes and defend the heights between Flatbush and Brooklyn. During the night of the 26th, Gen. Clinton, with the van of the British army, silently seized one of the passes and made his way, about daybreak, into the open country in the rear of the Americans. He was immediately followed by another column under Lord Percy. To divert the attention of the Americans from their left, another division under Grant, marched slowly along the coast, skirmishing with the light parties along the road.

"Putnam fell into the trap; and Stirling was ordered with two regiments, one of which was the Maryland battalion, to meet the enemy on the route to the Narrows. About break of day he took his position advantageously upon the summit of the hills, and was joined by the troops driven in by the advancing columns of the enemy. For several hours, a severe cannonade was kept up on both sides, and Stirling was repeatedly attacked by the brigades under Cornwallis and Grant, who were as often gallantly repulsed. At length, the left wing of the American force having been completely turned by Clinton, and the centre under Sullivan, broken at the first attack of Gen. De Heister, the position of Stirling's brigade on the right, became perilous in the extreme. The passes to the American lines at Brooklyn were in the possession of an overpowering British force—two strong brigades were assailing him in front, and in his rear lay an extensive marsh, traversed by a deep and dangerous creek, eighty yards in width at its mouth; nearer its head, at the Yellow Mills, the only bridge which might have afforded the brigade a safe retreat, had been burned down by a New England regiment under Col. Ward, in its very hasty retreat, although covered by the American batteries. The only hope of safety, therefore, for the gallant troops, who still maintained the battle and held the enemy at bay, was to surrender, or to cross this dangerous marsh and creek at its mouth, where no one had ever been known to cross before.

"Col. Smallwood, having arrived from New

York, and learned the perilous situation of his battalion, applied to Gen. Washington for some regiments to cover their retreat. After a moment's hesitation, as to the prudence of risking more troops upon a lost battle, unwilling to abandon these brave men to their fate, he detached him with a New England regiment, Capt. Thomas's independent company, which had just arrived from New York, and two field pieces, to take a position on the banks of the stream and protect the remnant of the brigade in the attempt to swim it.

"The scene of the conflict was within a mile of the American lines, and whilst Smallwood was hastening to their aid, Stirling prepared to make a last effort to check the advance of the enemy and give time to a portion of his command to make good its retreat. For this purpose, he selected four hundred men from the Maryland battalion, under Major Gist, placed himself at their head, and, having ordered all the other troops to make the best of their way through the creek, advanced against Cornwallis's brigade. As they drew out between the two bodies of the enemy, it was thought by the lookers on from the camp, that they were about to surrender, but as with fixed bayonets they rushed to the charge upon the overwhelming force opposed to them, fear and sorrow filled every heart, and Washington himself wrung his hands, exclaiming, 'Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose.' Five times this little band charged upon the powerful forces of Cornwallis; and each time driven back, again gathered their energies for a fiercer assault, until at last upon the sixth, the heavy column of the British reeled under the repeated shocks, and began to give way in confusion.

"But in the very moment when victory seemed within their grasp, Grant's brigade assailed them in the rear, and fresh troops, the Hessians of De Heister, came to the aid of Cornwallis in front. Already outnumbered more than ten to one, with their ranks thinned by the terrific slaughter, and worn down by long fighting, these devoted men could no longer make head against their foes. A portion, with Lord Stirling at their head, surrendered themselves prisoners of war; while three companies, animated by the most determined valor, cut their way through the crowded ranks of the enemy, and maintained their order until they reached the marsh, where, from the nature of the ground, they were compelled to break, and escape as quick as possible to the edge of the creek.

"The loss of the Maryland troops in this long contested battle was murderous. From sunrise until the last gun was fired upon the field, they were hotly engaged; and, when the rest of the army had been routed or had fled, maintained the battle unaided, against two brigades of the enemy. 'They were distinguished in the field,' says a letter writer of that day, 'by the most intrepid courage, the most regular use of the musket, and the judicious movements of the body.' Nearly half of their force was annihilated. Their loss in killed and wounded was 256 officers and men. Capt. Veazy and Lieut. Butler were slain; and among the prisoners were Capt. Daniel Bowie, also wounded—Lieutenants William Steret, William Ridgely, Hatch Dent, Walter Muse, Samuel Wright, Joseph Butler (wounded), Edward Paul, Edward Decourey; and Ensigns James Fernandes and William Courts. To this day the people of Long Island point out to strangers the spot, where half of the Maryland battalion stemmed the advance of the whole left wing of the British army, when no other troops were left upon the field, and where the best blood of the State was poured out like water."

The work throughout is written in a clear, perspicuous style, and seems to be admirably adapted for its purpose, that of a text-book, embodying all the important and interesting facts in the history of the State, from its settlement down to the close of the year 1847. The work is illustrated by engraved portraits of Lord Baltimore, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Col.

John Eager Howard, Gen. Otho H. Williams, and Gen. Smallwood, and contains a valuable appendix of a list of the officers in the Maryland Line, Members of the Cincinnati Society, Governors of the State, &c. In appearance it is a handsome volume, doing credit to the establishment of its publisher, Mr. John Murphy, of Baltimore.

#### LORD MAHON'S ENGLAND.

*History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris.* By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Prof. of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### SECOND NOTICE.

As compared with other Histories of the same period Lord Mahon's work is distinguished (besides its general fairness and impartiality of treatment) by very considerable additions to the existing stock of information, and this principally on a subject, that in spite of its extinction as a matter of living interest, has yet a claim upon our sympathies from the talent that has been devoted to its illustration—we mean the condition and prospects of the Jacobite party during two thirds of the last century. The chief sources from whence the new information has been derived, is that vast mass of recondite matter "so promising as historical materials, so compromising to family interests," known as the "Stuart Papers." There are few things in Romance so curious as the true history of these memorials of an extinct dynasty, and an outworn faith in their eventful journey, via Algiers, from an Italian Palazzo to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, where, under the charge of her Majesty's Librarian, they are now deposited. It may suffice to say, as a specimen of the strange links that connect times and things apparently the most dissimilar, that the main agent through whom a large portion of them was procured, was no other than Robert Watson, formerly Secretary to Lord George Gordon, the "Gashford" of Dickens in Barnaby Rudge, who, no longer ago than November, 1838, hung himself in a London Tavern at the age of 88 years.

Access to this collection has been liberally granted to Historical inquirers, though none have availed themselves of it so systematically as Lord Mahon, as his History of England includes the whole period covered by it; and in his Appendices he has inserted at length many important and interesting documents there only to be met with. A plan has been projected for publishing these papers (the more valuable only, we presume, as we hear of one portion "consisting of several cart loads full"); and a volume of the Correspondence of Bishop Atterbury was published ten years since in London as an earnest of the undertaking, but we are not aware whether it is to be continued. Its contents are very curious, as showing that the author, while described by Pope and his other friends in England as a suffering Patriot, the victim of a faction, "possessing his soul in patience" in an unmerited exile, was in reality the Prime Minister of the Pretender, and the chief mover of the plots and intrigues whose ramifications extended to every court in Europe. The reader fresh from Macaulay's History, who remembers the ignominious expulsion of King James, while scarcely a hand was raised in his favor, will with difficulty be able to comprehend the existence of a formidable Jacobite party so soon after the event. In an eloquent passage which we quote Lord Mahon pays a substantial compliment to Lite-

nature, by considering the publication of Lord Clarendon's History as one of the causes of this revival of Jacobitism. Speaking of Atterbury, he says:—

"Were we inclined to seek some excuse for his adherence to that cause, we might, perhaps, find it in his close study of Lord Clarendon's History, which had been edited by himself conjointly with Aldrich and Smalridge. I have always considered the publication of that noble work (it first appeared under Queen Anne), as one of the main causes of the second growth of Jacobitism. How great seems the character of the author! How worthy the principles he supports, and the actions he details! Who could read those volumes, and not first be touched, and at last be won, by his unconquerable spirit of loyalty: by his firm attachment to the fallen; by his enduring and well-founded trust in God, when there seemed to be none left in man! Whose heart could fail to relent to that unhappy Monarch, more sinned against than sinning; to that 'grey disrowned head' which lay upon a pillow of thorns at Carisbrooke, or rolled upon a block at Whitehall! Or whose mind would not brighten at the thought of his exiled son—in difficulty and distress, with every successive attempt disappointed—every rising hope dashed down—yet suddenly restored against all probable chances, and with one universal shout of joy! How spirit-stirring must that History have been to all, but above all to those (and those were many at that time) whose own ancestors and kinsmen are honorably consecrated in its pages—the soldiers of Rupert or the friends of Falkland! Can we wonder then, or severely blame, if their thoughts sometimes descended one step lower, and turned to the grandson—also exiled for no fault of his own, and pining in a distant land, under circumstances not far unlike to those of Charles Stuart in France! I know the difference of the cases; and most of all in what Atterbury ought least to have forgotten—in religion; I am not pleading for Jacobitism, but I do plead for the honest delusion and pardonable frailty of many who espoused that cause; I am anxious to show that the large section of our countrymen which sighed for the restoration of James, were not all the base and besotted wretches we have been accustomed to consider them."

As may be supposed, the Rebellion of 1745 has called forth all Lord Mahon's powers. With the advantages of fuller information and more careful research, he has given a more satisfactory narrative of its progress and termination than before existed. It may surprise those who have hitherto regarded it as a visionary and baseless attempt, to find that the opinion of so cautious a writer as Lord Mahon, is decidedly in favor of the success of Charles Edward, if his own counsels of immediate advance from Derby on the metropolis had not been overruled by his friends.

The following character of the Hero of this expedition will interest our readers:—

"The person of Charles (I begin with this for the sake of female readers) was tall and well formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval, and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue, and his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity; he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education; it had been entrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman

Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British Government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honor; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy, by accusing him of the grossest neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen among the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand, like a schoolboy's. In spelling they are still more deficient. With him 'humor,' for example, becomes 'umer'; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a 'sord,' and even his own father's name appears under the alias of 'Gems.' Nor are these errors confined to a single language; who, to give another instance from his French, would recognise a hunting knife as a 'coto de chas'? I can therefore readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the History and Constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says:—I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty, on this occasion, to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are rather to suffer anything than, fail in any of my duties." His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost kindness; and though on his return from Scotland he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful; he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and, when at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the Pope, surely the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. \* \* \* As a very young man he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland he told the French Minister, D'Argenson, that he would never take anything for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favors for his brother exiles. Once after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that nevertheless an honest man is so highly to be prized that 'unless your Majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart.'

"Nay more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends, survived almost alone, when, in the decline of life, nearly every other nobler quality had been dismissed and defaced from his mind. In 1785, Mr. Greathed, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince showed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathed, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation, and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaign, with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat, his hair-breadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dread penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then and not till then his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate

daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. 'Sir,' she exclaimed to Mr. Greathed, 'what is this! You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland, and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence!'

#### THE GOLD-FINDERS.

*Four Months among the Gold-Finders in California; Being the Diary of an Expedition from San Francisco to the Gold District.*  
By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. Appletons.

THIS purports to be an authentic diary sent home to England by the writer from California merely for the entertainment of his family and friends; though it bears a certain smoothness and has a general book-making aspect which might lead to a contrary supposition, and to the idea that it was a lucky contrivance of the London publisher to turn to profitable account the universal eagerness for information from the region. The latter notion is still further borne out by the essential lack of novelty in the statements, incidents, and reflections of the book. It is marvellously in consonance with the reports of Mason, the letters of Larkins and Folsom, and with the general current of newspaper stories, of all which it might have been simply a reproduction, in the hands of a clever writer with average reading on the subject. But, however prepared, it is a very readable narrative, and it would be a very harsh judgment should its probabilities, in the absence of proofs, be taken as evidence against its authenticity.

A letter from the author to his brother in England, dated Monterey, October 11, 1848, prefaces the Diary. In this it is stated that the writer "takes advantage" of the departure of a courier from Governor Mason to Washington with dispatches, to bring up six months arrears of correspondence by forwarding a huge batch of MSS. to be sent to England via New York; that having failed in an emigration scheme to Oregon he found himself one day in California an applicant for a post as Surgeon in the American Army, but the war was at an end;—the gold, however, was just then discovered, and the result to Mr. Brooks personally was four months' experience of the "diggings." And now, "Ho! for California!"

We begin with Master Brooks's preparations at San Francisco, where, while his equipments are being provided, he is entertained with stories from the American Fork, retailed to him by Captain Folsom, which we presume is no intentional slur upon a valuable West Point officer of the United States, but simply a misprint for Folsom. Capt. F. had seen a man from the American Fork, with twenty-three ounces of gold in flakes, the result of eight days' labor, "but Captain Folsom hardly believed this." Indeed, the latter had thought, on first seeing this species of commodity, that it was "mica," in other words, "all in my eye." We know not the attainments of Captain Folsom in mineralogy; but the imputation looks like an unwarranted "guess" on the part of the book-maker. More gold comes in, and the excitement increases. The Doctor is recommended to keep an eye on his saddle-maker, "to keep going in and out of the saddler's all day long in order to make sure that the man was at work, otherwise we might be kept hanging about for a fortnight." In the meantime he puts up at "Sweetings"—the precursor of Sweeney—who pays his negro waiter ten dollars a day. The saddles are completed at last and we take leave, in the diary, of San Francisco, for the present, with the following record—"I followed the saddler well up



during the day, and was fortunate enough to obtain our saddles, saddle-bags, &c., by four o'clock. On going to his home a couple of hours after about some trifling alteration I wished made, I found it shut up and deserted. On the door was pasted a paper with the following words: "Gone to the diggings."

At Sonoma the party, composed of Don Luis (a California gentleman), Bradley (who had served in a volunteer corps of American soldiery), McPhail (a fellow passenger from Oregon), Malcolm (the author's Scottish friend), found a hotel-keeper from the States, who told them "he guessed he didn't intend shearing off to the gold mines until he had drawn a few thousand dollars from the San Francisco folk on their way to the diggings."

A motley company turned up at Sutter's Fort of Spaniards, trappers, and other "land pirates." After these

#### COCK AND BULL STORIES.

"On our way to the house, I got the Captain to speak to the head blacksmith about our horses, after which we went into breakfast, when I saw his wife and daughter for the first time. They were both very ladylike women, and both natives of France. During the meal, I found Captain Sutter communicative on the subject of the discovery of the gold mines, which I was glad of, as I was anxious to learn the true particulars of the affair, respecting which so many ridiculous stories had been circulated. One was to the effect, that the mines had been discovered by the Mormons, in accordance with a prophecy made by the famous Joe Smith. Another tale was, that the Captain had seen the apparition of an Indian chief, to whom he had given a rifle (the possession of which he only lived three months to enjoy, having been trampled down by a buffalo in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, on his way with his tribe to make an attack on the Pawnees), when the ghost in question told the Captain that he would make him very rich, and begged that, with this promised cash, the Captain would immediately buy a ship-load of rifles, and present one to every member of his tribe. Such were the absurd stories circulated."

#### We have the following as

##### CAPTAIN SUTTER'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY.

"I was sitting one afternoon," said the Captain, "just after my siesta, engaged, by the by, in writing a letter to a relation of mine at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall—a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions—bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner, I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of the world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the Fort was quite enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me, some miles higher up the Americanos. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected re-appearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had come to bring me. 'Intelligence,' he added, 'which, if properly profited by, would put both of us in possession of unheard-of wealth—millions and millions of dollars, in fact.' I frankly own, when I heard this, that I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant, when he went on to say that, according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill-wheel out of gear, to let the whole body of the water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently

performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent. Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear, transparent stone, very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited, that he stooped down and picked one of them up. 'Do you know,' said Mr. Marshall to me, 'I positively debated within myself two or three times, whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and to my astonishment found that it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold.' He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which on examination convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was, that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the West, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about these solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighboring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse, and rode down to me as fast as it would carry him, with the news."

At the lower mines we must pause with the party to partake of the excitement of an event, novel in personal experience, which will afford many a yarn to the old battered emigrants, now doubling Cape Horn, should they live to return again to their Atlantic firesides. It is an account of

#### THE FIRST DIGGING.

"Bewildered and excited by the novelty of the scene, we were in haste to pitch our camp, and soon fixed upon a location. This was by the side of a dried-up water course, through which, in the wet season, a small rivulet joined the larger stream; we did not, however, immediately set to work to make the necessary arrangements for the night. Our fingers were positively itching for the gold, and in less than half an hour after our arrival, the pack-horse which carried the shovels, scoops, and pans, had been released of his burden, and all our party were as busily employed as the rest. As for myself, armed with a large scoop or trowel, and a shallow tin pail, I leapt into the bed of the rivulet, at a spot where I perceived no trace of the gravel and earth having been artificially disturbed. Near me was a small clear pool, which served for washing the gold. Some of our party set to work within a short distance of me, while others tried their fortune along the banks of the Americanos, digging up the shingle which lay at the very brink of the stream. I shall not soon forget the feeling with which I first plunged my scoop into the soil beneath me. Half filling my tin pail with the earth and shingle, I carried it to the pool, and placing it beneath the surface of the water, I began to stir it with my hand as I had observed the other diggers do. Of course I was not very expert at first, and I dare say I flung out a good deal of the valuable metal. However, I soon perceived that the earth was crumbling away, and was being carried by the agitation of the water into the pool, which speedily became turbid, while the sandy sediment of which I had heard, remained at the bottom of the pail. Carefully draining the water away, I deposited the sand in one of the small close-woven Indian baskets we had brought with us, with the intention of drying it at the camp-fire, there not being sufficient time before nightfall to allow

the moisture gradually to absorb by the evaporation of the atmosphere.

"After working for about half an hour, I retraced my steps with my basket to the spot where we had tethered the horses, and found the animals still standing there with their burdens on their backs. Mr. Malcolm was already there; he had with him about an equal quantity of the precious black sand; it remained, however, to be seen what proportion of gold our heaps contained. In a short time Bradley and Don Luis joined us, both of them in tip-top spirits. 'I guess this is the way we do the trick down in these clearings,' said the former, shaking a bag of golden sand. As for José, Don Luis's Indian servant, he was devout in his expressions of thanksgiving to the Virgin Mary and the Great Spirit, whom he would insist upon classifying together, in a most remarkable and not quite orthodox manner.

"We now set to work to get up our tent. Malcolm, in the meantime, prepared coffee and very underbaked cakes, made of the flour we had brought with us. His cooking operations were greatly impeded by our eagerness to dry the sand we had scraped up—a feat in the achievement of which Bradley was clumsy enough to burn a hole in our very best saucepan. However, we managed to get the moisture absorbed, and, shutting our eyes, we commenced blowing away the sand with our mouths, and shortly found ourselves the possessors of a few pinches of gold. This was encouraging for a beginning. We drank our coffee in high spirits, and then, having picketed our horses, made ourselves as snug as our accommodations would allow, and, being tired out, not only with the journey and the work, but with excitement and anxiety, slept soundly till morning."

For the incidents and vicissitudes which follow, we must refer the reader to Mr. Appleton's cheap and readable edition of the *Diary*. Though the story is not new it is still interesting. People will probably continue to read about gold as long as they read about anything. The sum of the four months is briefly, a laborious business at the lower diggings at pan washing, till the spinal marrow hinted strongly of the expediency of a rocker, the carpentering of this article, with improved returns—gold coming in by grains and going out by ounces—better prospects ahead, and a removal to Weber's Creek—more gold and more sickness—another advance to Bear River—more gold still, and—more Indians. Never an ounce of sweet without a pound of sour. It was starvation versus gold; murder versus gold; robbery versus gold; and, finally, a return to San Francisco, where the gold which was left was fast evaporating, by way of illustration of the principles of political economy, leaving the author cleaned out entirely, long before the expiration of the rainy season made the coast clear for another series of diggings and explorations. The new elements which will be introduced at that time, when the emigration of the last six months has disembarked on the golden shores, will add to the piquancy and interest of the pursuit. We trust Master Brooks will favor us with the sequel of his adventures.

#### AMERICANISMS.

(From a pleasant article entitled "Idioms and Provincialisms of the English language" in the March number of the *American Review*.)

THE origin and perpetuity of many of our queer and out-of-the-way phrases, may be traced to the semi-annual meetings of gentlemen of the bar at the courts of our southern and western States.

These gentlemen, living as they do in the thinly inhabited portion of our land, and among a class of persons generally very far their inferiors in point of education, rarely enjoying

anything that may deserve the name of intellectual society, are too apt to seek for amusement in listening to the droll stories and odd things always to be heard at the country store or bar-room. Every new expression and queer tale is treasured up, and new ones manufactured against the happy time when they shall meet their *brothers-in-law* at the approaching term of the district court.

If ever pure fun, broad humor, and "laughter holding both his sides," reign supreme, it is during the evening of these sessions. Each one empties and distributes his well-filled budget of wit and oddities, receiving ample payment in like coin, which he pouches, to again disseminate at his earliest opportunity.

Although we may lay down as a general rule, that the same words and phrases prevail through the South and West, yet almost every State has its local peculiarities; Texas, for instance, the large admixture of Spanish words; Louisiana, of French; Georgia and Alabama borrow many from the Indians. North Carolina is notorious for a peculiar flatness of pronunciation in such words as *crap* for "crop," *car* for "corn," *peert* for "pert," &c. "I allow," meaning "I think," "I consider," is, we believe, of Alabama origin, and so is that funny expression, "*done gone*," "*done done*," implying "already gone," and "already done." In Virginia, many of the lower class pronounce *th* as *d*—*dat* for "that," *dar* for "there," *dis* for "this."

These and other similar derelictions may be traced to the fact that all children are inclined to make companions of the negroes, listen to queer rambling tales, accompany them upon their "coon hunts," &c., and thus acquire a negro style of pronunciation, and many negro words that nothing, save a good education, can eradicate, and even that does not always perfectly succeed.

There are two great and distinct classes in the United States, the Yankee and the Virginian; the former occupying the New England States, and thence spreading in almost every direction, claiming a great portion of the State of Ohio, and even a share of Indiana and Illinois, although in these two last-mentioned States the southern peculiarities of speech are more common; the latter properly commencing at that imaginary division, "Mason and Dixon's line," and thence running "south and west." The intermediate States are divided between the two. Although New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, have been well inculcated with a solid basis of Dutch and Swedish in their infancy, yet save here and there some stray neighborhood of ancient Hollanders or sturdy Swedes, whose manners, customs, and language, our intrusive Yankees have been unable to corrupt, a few terms and phrases that have crept into general usage alone give token that a foreign tongue once reigned over so large a section of our land.

The distinction between these two great classes (the Yankee and the Virginian) is so wide and so clearly drawn, as to be visible and palpable to every casual observer. Should one, however, ever hesitate as to the place of nativity of one of our free and enlightened citizens, there exists a test, which, potent as the spear of Ithuriel, will dispel all clouds of doubt that may overshadow his mind. Let the person in question be requested to give an opinion upon any subject. Should he *guess*, write him down a Yankee; does he *reckon*, you may swear him a Southron. The Yankee *guesses*, the Southron *reckons*, which our New England friend never does, except by and with the aid, assistance, and advice, of that estimable

arithmetician and pedagogue, Nathan Daboll, Esq. Per contra, however, the Yankee *calculates*, and pretty shrewdly also, while the Southron *allows*. The one *wouldn't wonder* if some expected event should take place, while the other, more ardent and careless of assertion, "*goes his death upon it*" that it will. To the latter, drawing his comparison from his idolized rifle, a thing is "*as sure as shooting*," while to the former, more pious or more hypocritical, it is "*as sartin as preachin*." The one will be "*darned*," and the other "*derned*," both evading an oath in nearly the same manner, the only difference being the substitution of one vowel for another. Should this asseveration require additional force, the Northern man will be "*gaul darned*," and the Southron "*dod derned*,"—a curious perversion of sacred names to ease the conscience while giving vent to one's temper. In fact, it is almost impossible, among the many corruptions of language of which both are guilty, to cite an expression in which some slight but marked difference does not exist.

To the Northern man, every siliceous mass is a *stone*, be it large enough to weigh a ton, while the Southern ignores the word in *toto*, and calls everything of that description a *rock*, though no larger than a midge's wing. The application of this word is extremely ludicrous, to one whose ears are unaccustomed to it, and we remember laughing heartily at the idea of picking up a *rock* to throw at a *bird*. When man or boy, biped or quadruped, bird or beast, is pelted, the unfortunate recipient of projectile favors is said to be *rocked*, unless indeed wood be put in requisition, and then he is said to be *chucked*.

In Arkansas, however, the term *donoch* usurps the place of either rock or stone. That touching and popular Southern ballad, yclept "*Rosin the bow*," concludes in these pathetic words:

"Then fetch me a couple of *donochs*,  
Place one at my head and my toe,\*  
And do not forget to write on it,<sup>†</sup>  
The name of old Rosin the bow."

No shadow of doubt can possibly remain in the mind of any unprejudiced person, but that the sovereign State of Arkansas may lay just and true claim to the honor of giving birth to the interesting individual in question.

The further south you travel, the more rude, wild, and energetic, the language you will hear. Our newly acquired State of Texas excels all others in additions and corruptions. The old Texan has no farm, it is a *ranche*. A rope he knows not; everything in that line is either a *larriat* or a *caberos*, the one being made of rawhide twisted or plaited, and the latter spun by hand from the hair of horses or neat cattle. He never seeks or looks for anything, but always *hunts* it. He *hunts* bees, cattle, a missing pair of oxen (he calls them *beeves*), or a doctor. Nothing leaves a *mark* to him, he only *sees*, whether of bird or beast, friend or enemy. You hear of *turkey sign*, *bear sign*, *hog sign*, *cow sign*, *Indian sign*, &c. &c. When he wishes to leave, he does not say with the Yankee, "Well, we'd better be a goin'," but "*Let's vamos*," or "*Let's vamos the ranche*." He never asks about the situation of the grass on the prairie, but inquires about the summer or winter *range*. A fish spear is to him a *groin*; a boat a *dugout*; a halter, a *bosaal*; a whip, a *quirt*; a house, no house, but a *log-pen*; a drove of horses is a *caviarde*, and when a universal fright among them occurs, it is a *stampede*. He does not kill his

\* He seems to have been singularly provided for in this respect. † Quere on the toe?

game; he *saves*, or *gets* it, or *makes* it come. Apropos to this we will record an anecdote, for the authenticity of which we will vouch:

The noted Judge W., better known as "*three-legged Willie*," once attended a barbecue for the purpose of addressing the assembled multitude, and soliciting their votes for Congress. His opponent had slain a man in a duel or street-fight, and was endeavoring to apologize and explain the circumstances connected with the act. Willie listened attentively with a sneer upon his countenance, and when he had finished arose and remarked: "The gentleman need not have wasted so much breath, in excusing himself for having *saved* a notorious rascal; all of you know that I have shot three, and two of them I *got*."

The monosyllable "*there*," or, in the backwoodsman's language, *thar*—has its original meaning so singularly perverted and enlarged, and lays claim to so many and such peculiar significations, that it is worthy our especial notice.

A man who accepts an invitation to a frolic or a fight, a wedding or a funeral, probably answers, *I'm thar*. A person wishing to imply that he is perfectly at home in anything, says he is *thar*; a good hunter or fisher is also *thar*. A jockey once sold a draught-horse with this recommendation: "He ain't no petikeler beauty, stranger, to boast on, but when you get to the bottom of a hill with a heavy load, he's *thar* I tell you." The poor man, however, found out that his new purchase under such circumstances, certainly was *thar*, and *thar* he was likely to remain, as neither words nor blows could induce him to budge a foot.

An amusing story is told in the South, which illustrates very well one of the many uses of this word. The king of beasts, it is said, invited all his subjects to a ball, and all attended in compliance with the princely invitation, with the exception of the poor donkey, who remained outside, solacing himself with the music of the violins, that were merrily keeping time to the very fantastic toes of the jocund dancers. Several messengers in vain were sent to press his entrance, and finally his majesty himself condescended to seek the sage, and insist on his returning with him. "Your majesty," replied Jack, "I'm not much of a hand at dancing, but if there's any singing to be done, why I'm *thar*."

*The Exploring Expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, and California.* By Brevet Col. J. C. Fremont: to which is added a Description of the Physical Geography of California, with Recent Notices of the Gold Region from the latest and most authentic Sources. Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co.

This is a neat reprint, in very convenient form, of the Diaries of Colonel Fremont in the expeditions of 1842, and of 1843 and '44—in which, for the first time, a scientific account of the regions of the Rocky Mountains on the eastern and western slopes was put upon record. Fremont still remains the leading authority on this subject, and when he shall have returned from his present more southerly expedition, and published his narrative to the world, there will be little of the general outline left to describe by others. Mr. Benton, in his recent speech in the Senate, on a great western Railway from St. Louis to the Pacific, drew largely upon Fremont's Diary, and at the close of the passages which he read, remarked: "It is appropriate to say, that it seems to have been a Providence that a man with a head and a heart for this work should, upon his own application, have undertaken it seven years ago; that he should have attached to his person thirty men, the children of the mountains, who were able to show him



everything, and did show him everything; who still adhere to him, and by their joint exertions, we have, at the very moment of need, at the very instant when the public mind has ripened up to the point of commencing the work, we have all the information upon our hands which the occasion requires." To place this information before the people, in view of the legislative schemes to be based upon it, is certainly a very important work, and we are indebted to Lieut. Fremont, *who has no copyright for his work*, for the opportunity of its widest diffusion. The present edition is a highly acceptable one, with wood cuts, and additional "El Dorado" matter. We would suggest that a carefully prepared index be added in the subsequent editions, to facilitate references.

*Tales of a Traveller.* By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Complete in one volume. Putnam.

The seventh volume of the new revised edition of the Works of Washington Irving—an enterprise the success of which has induced the publisher to undertake similar uniform series of the works of other American authors. The "Spy," with other novels by Cooper, are to follow, and the various writings of Miss Sedgwick. It is remarkable how great a stimulus the production of books in a new form of publication, sometimes gives to the popular demand. When Cadell undertook the uniform duodecimo edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the market was deluged with the same works in the old style. A sale of Constable's stock of the books had produced only half the actual cost of manufacture. Yet Cadell realized immediately immense returns from the new edition. Charles Dickens, too, has been a master of the art in the best mode of publishing for profit. Mr. Putnam seems to be acquainted with the secret, and not at all deficient in the needful boldness and enterprise to turn it into commodity.

The "Tales of a Traveller" is one of Irving's most delightful volumes. It is less ornate in style than the Sketch Book, which is no objection to it in our view, and has greater variety than Bracebridge Hall, while it relishes of the peculiar excellence of both these books. The Bold Dragoon, the Poor Devil Author, the Adventure of the Little Antiquary, and the Money Diggers, remain fresh as at the day on which they were written, pictures of life and humor which can no more fail to give pleasure, than the works of Teniers, Goldsmith, Leslie, Newton, and such painters and writers, the most cheerful and agreeable companions of everyday life. The man is to be pitied who does not enjoy them.

*Essays and Reviews; or Scenes and Characters:* being a Selection of the most eloquent passages from the writings of Thomas Babington Macaulay. New American edition. Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co.

It would be a pretty difficult work, we think, to ascertain the "most eloquent" passages of Macaulay. Indeed, without paradox, it might be maintained that he possesses no eloquence at all, if we use the term eloquence in its etymological and obvious sense, of something raised above, or out of, the ordinary tone of writing or discourse. Where all is alike eloquent there can be no particular eloquence; and to call any passage the most eloquent, is as absurd as to describe a few hundred feet of an elevated table land as a mountain. A monotony of brilliant rhetorical writing is the defect of Macaulay's style; it seems as cloying and distasteful as a "perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets," where "a crude surfeit" does "reign." How unendurable it would be if it always thundered, or if the sea were always in "a fine phrensy rolling." We prefer hill and valley, with variety of sound and prospect. If we could know what a mountain is, we must see it firmly rooted in the lowlands, or rising above the plain.

The little volume before us is a pleasant and convenient book of elegant extracts from Macaulay—an excellent stop-gap for a ten minutes

before dinner, or a pocket companion for a railway or steamboat.

*The American Farm Book; or Compend of American Agriculture;* being a practical treatise on Soils, Manures, Draining, Irrigation, Grasses, Grain, Roots, Fruits, Cotton, Tobacco, Sugar Cane, Rice, &c.; and every staple product of the United States, with the best methods of planting, cultivating, and preparation for market. Illustrated by more than 100 engravings. By R. L. Allen. C. M. Saxton.

This work is an enlargement with revision of "A brief Compend of American Agriculture," published two years since, the southern department of the work having been added from the personal observation of the author in that region. The illustrations of southern plants are from original designs—the trees generally from "Browne's Trees of America." There is a chapter on "Farm-Buildings," with designs from Mr. Downing's book, which is not alluded to in the descriptive title page. The author, Mr. Allen, is the editor of the American "Agriculturist." His work is at once comprehensive and minute, embracing the result of much reading and practical observation in its various topics. It is also a valuable book of reference for the general reader.

*Humility before Honor, and other Tales and Illustrations.* By Charlotte Elizabeth; with a brief memoir of the author by Wm. B. Sprague, D.D. Albany, E. H. Pease and Co.

A NEAT well printed volume.

*Woodbury's German-English Grammar.* Newman and Co.

Mr. WOODBURY adopts, we perceive, the Websterian authority, we presume the present "revised edition"—though Webster in his more extensive changes was not without German sympathy. The Grammar is intended for the use of German Emigrants studying English, of all classes.

*Golden Rules of Health, and Hints to Dyspeptics.* By Joel H. Ross, M.D. New York: Published for the author and for sale at the booksellers.

We wish we had space for the full title of this publication, which is in itself as interesting as many professed works of humor. The book, in itself, is a quaint tract, discussing in a chatty and idiomatic style the various isms of the day, and suggesting various common sense remedies for the "ills that flesh is heir to." The book is especially commended in this day of ultraisms by its Eclectic and Catholic spirit, and by its observance of the golden mean in its recommendations. It will be extensively bought and read, we should think, by all classes, both lay and professional.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A STATED meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday evening, March 6th, Hon. LUTHER BRADISH in the chair. In the absence of the Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Moore presented and read the letters addressed to that officer during the past month. Among them was one from Dr. Asa Fitch, of Salem, N. Y., a corresponding member, inclosing the following curious memento of the Revolution, in the handwriting of the late Hon. Alexander Webster:

"At a Court Martial held at Doctor John Williamses in New Perth, Ordered, that Squire Martin Deliver to Capt. Alex. McNitt, 4 pounds of powder and an Equal Quantity of Lead, in purpose to kill all the Tories, and Drive those villians away that keep about Ticonderoga, or any other way Infest the Lakes. Let him have it free gratis."

"ALEX. WEBSTER, an Eye Witness."

DR. FITCH presented in connexion with the preceding, a short biographical notice of Judge Webster, which shows how earnestly

he espoused the cause of the colonies in the Revolutionary struggle.

MR. MOORE also read a letter from the Rev. Samuel Sewall, of Burlington, Mass., transmitting extracts from the diary of Chief Justice Sewall, 1689-1691, in which occur brief notices of the destruction of Schenectady by the French and Indians in February, 1690, and of a journey shortly afterwards of Messrs. Stoughton and Sewall to New York City. Judge Sewall's Journals, kept with the minutest accuracy, form a rich storehouse for New England antiquaries. It is understood that the reverend gentleman who communicated these extracts, is preparing the journals of his ancestor for the press.

MR. BARTLETT, the Foreign Corresponding Secretary, read a communication from O. H. MARSHALL, Esq., of Buffalo, entitled "*Champlain in the Onondaga Valley*;" showing that Champlain made a visit to the Onondaga valley at an earlier period than has been noticed by writers on American History.

The regular paper announced for the evening was unavoidably postponed, the gentleman (MR. KNEVELS of Fishkill) being unable to reach the city, in consequence of the state of the river.

MR. R. CARY LONG, a distinguished architect from the South, who has recently established himself in this city, brought before the Society the main features of a Paper which he proposes to read at the April meeting, upon the "Historical value of the Ancient Architecture of America." Mr. Long gave a general view of the regular progression observable in the styles of architecture in the old world, from the earliest known manifestations of the Art in the Pyramids; and made some interesting remarks about a parallelism of progress visible in the ancient monuments of this continent. He announced that his paper would be accompanied with illustrative drawings, exhibiting the different aspects of the indigenous architecture of America.

The donations announced by the librarian show a steady increase to the library in valuable books, manuscripts, and maps, &c.

Although the evening was unfavorable there was a large attendance of members; and it is particularly gratifying to perceive that many of the distinguished citizens of Brooklyn are taking an active interest in the prosperity of the Historical Society.

#### OLLENDORFF'S NEW METHOD.

"Sic vos non vobis."

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In the Literary World of January 6th last, which, by some freak of fortune, did not reach me until yesterday, with your number of the 10th inst., I read a commendatory notice of "Ollendorff's NEW method of learning to read, write, and speak the Italian language." In that notice you say, "As it regards all the modern languages, the method of teaching introduced by Ollendorff, we are sure, from observation, is the best." In this opinion I fully agree with you, without even limiting the efficiency of the method to the modern languages; but I beg leave explicitly to deny that this method, which is no doubt destined to become universally adopted, was originally introduced by Ollendorff. It is true that in the preface to his "*New method of learning to read, write, and speak a language in six months, applied to the German; a work entirely new, &c.*" Paris, 2 vols., &c., NO DATE, Ollendorff states, with apparent ingenuousness, how he had "been naturally led to this system of teaching, as simple as it is easy;" how "by degrees, I created the *ensemble* of my method;" and

closes with a modest request to critics—for there are critics in Paris—to “consider that this method is not, like many others, the work of one day or the product of an ardent imagination, but the fruit of seventeen years’ labor and experience.” It is likewise true that in the preface to a subsequent edition of the same work, he complains that his copyright has been infringed, that “his method has been mutilated and altered in its fundamental principles,” and expresses himself “justly indignant at the spoliation of which he is the victim,” and which he attributes to “mercantile cupidity.” These statements, and the “honest” indignation at the cupidity of literary thieves, would naturally avert all suspicions of plagiarism. And when we consider that his books have been reproduced here by active and enterprising publishers, who advertise extensively, and have their publications reviewed in all the papers, whether religious, political, or literary; and the no less important fact, that the original author of this admirable method of teaching has been dead for some years, we have less reason to wonder that so bold a plagiarism should have hitherto remained unexposed.

The late J. Manesca, who taught hundreds of the well-educated of your city, a man as able and learned as modest, introduced this mode of teaching at Princeton College as early as 1810 or 1811. The fear of not being understood by his fellow teachers, together with a desire of perfecting his method by greater experience, made him, for a long time, averse to publishing anything on the subject. In 1830, long before Ollendorff’s first book appeared, a friend of Mr. Manesca, engaged in the same profession in Philadelphia, published, with the author’s permission—although not with his approbation—one hundred and twenty lessons. In 1834, still some time previous to Ollendorff’s first publication—although his book bore no date—Mr. Manesca, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, issued his method in two vols. 8vo.

In 1846, being desirous to devote some time to the study of the German, I, for the first time, heard of Ollendorff’s German method, and had it imported. (It had not then, I think, been republished here.) On glancing at the work, I was struck at its similarity with Manesca’s Lessons, not as published by himself, but as they were in manuscript in the hands of all his pupils some twenty years ago. I immediately wrote to a brother of mine, residing in Paris, requesting him to call upon Mr. Ollendorff, show him a copy of the 120 Lessons published in 1830, and ascertain how he had obtained possession of them. Mr. O. denied all knowledge of that or any other similar work. I was not convinced, but said no more on the subject. On the 24th of Nov. 1847, the New York Tribune, while noticing the “Spanish Course of Mr. Rabadan, the friend of Manesca,” explains the mystery thus: “Perhaps no book adapted to teach a foreign tongue, so well merits to take the rank with Manesca’s in oral instruction. Manesca led the way in French: one of his pupils, now in this city, explained the method, in Germany, to Ollendorff, and learned the German from him, according to the system so explained.” The “pupil” of Manesca, here alluded to, is now, if I mistake not, one of the editors of the Tribune, and I hope he will corroborate the above statement if it should become necessary.

Why this fraud committed against the dead has not been exposed before, I know not, unless it be because the heirs of Mr. Manesca are females, who, with the reserve natural to their sex, shrink from appearing before the public;

or because it is always an ungracious task to attack any one, even in a good cause; or because the effort made to give unto Caesar that which is Caesar’s could, in a case like this, scarcely prevail against the influence of publishers and the oblivion which must bury newspaper paragraphs; or perhaps, and most probably, because Ollendorff’s method, as applied to the French—the only one which can affect the pecuniary interests of the heirs—being nothing but a wretched copy, if not a caricature of Manesca’s excellent work, it has been supposed that a cursory examination of it, on the part of French teachers, would suffice to fix its doom. Having some knowledge of the way in which worthless school books are “pushed” in this country, and of the amount of talent and discrimination which characterize many of the German, Polish, and American French teachers, who swarm especially in our southern and western states, I have deemed it proper to contribute my mite towards doing justice to all parties.

A. N. G.

Annapolis, Md., Feb. 1849.

#### REPLY TO ANIMADVERSIONS ON “WEBSTERIAN.”

I STATED in my former communication, that there has long been a tendency and progress in our language towards greater simplicity and broader analogies in orthography; and hereupon your correspondent Q. represents me as “assuming that this sort of progress, to its utmost extent, is inevitable, is desirable, is by all means to be promoted.” Nothing of this kind did I ever assume or intimate. On the contrary, my words were, “no reflecting man can suppose that this tendency towards simpler forms has just at this moment spent its strength.” Not a word was said about “utmost limit.” Indeed, I guarded against any such construction, by saying that the changes I defended were confined to “a very limited class of words;” and it was to these alone that my remarks about “progress” were applied. And yet Q. foists in “utmost limit,” and then charges me with “begging the whole question!”

Again, I stated that Webster “was the first lexicographer who omitted the *k* in such words as *music*, *physic*, &c.” Q. says “the term or sign, &c., is ambiguous; but I suppose *attack*, *gimcrack*, *wreck*, *neck*, *tick*, *stick*, *rock*, *shock*, *luck*, *stuck*, and perhaps a score of others are ‘such words,’ yet Webster spells them with the *k*.”

Now I ask, is it the fact that Q., when he wrote that sentence, did “suppose” the words he enumerates to be “such words,” i. e. words of the same class as those I referred to, when I mentioned *music* and *physic* as their representatives? This class is well known as containing words of more than one syllable, derived almost wholly from the learned languages, and ending (with only four or five exceptions) in *ic* or *iac*; and hence it is usual to describe it, as I did, by mentioning one or two of the leading terms, as *physic* or *music*. Was there, in fact, then, anything “ambiguous” in my statement? Was there any reason why Q. should affect to misunderstand me? Who does not see in all this a specimen of what is common with a certain class of reasoners, namely, putting a construction on the words of a writer which is contrary to his obvious intention, and then charging him with inconsistency or error?

Q. has done the same in relation to my remarks about “doubling the consonant in words like *traveller*, *counselling*, *worshipping*,

&c.” In quoting Lowth’s censure of this practice, I adopted the *very terms* he used to describe this class of words; and I had no reason to suppose that any one could mistake my meaning. This class, it is well known, consists of words (chiefly nouns, participles, or adjectives) ending in *er*, *ing*, *ed*, *ist*, *ous*, &c.; and is formed by adding these terminations to words ending in a single consonant; as *garden-er*, *ing*, *ed*, *real-ist*, *peril-ous*, &c. The argument which I stated from Lowth and Walker was this. “No one would think of writing *garden-ner*, *suffer-ring*, *profit-ed*, *real-list*, *peril-lous*. It is only when the accent falls on the last syllable, that the consonant is properly doubled; as in *beget-ting*. The few exceptions, therefore, like *traveller*, *counselling*, *worshipper*, &c., in which the consonant has been inadvertently doubled, ought to be reduced at once to a rule of such extent and importance.” And how does Q. meet this argument? By turning off to a totally different class of words; by bringing forward adverbial terminations in *ly*, which, if added to such words as *general*, *must*, of course, give us a double *l*; and then sneering at Dr. Webster for writing *generally*, *literally*, *gratefully*, &c., as if this were inconsistent with the principle laid down above, which was confined to words of an entirely different class! I can hardly think, Mr. Editor, that this is a sort of reasoning which you would wish to encourage in the Literary World.

Again, Q., in commenting on the change of *re* into *er* in such words as *center*, &c., says, in the same spirit of making out inconsistencies, “how does it happen that we find in the last Revised Dictionary, *wiseacre*, *polacre*, *ogre*, *ochre*, *lucre*, *acre*, *massacre*, *lustre*, spelt with *re* after the old mode?” I answer, *ogre* is a purely foreign word, hardly introduced as yet into our language, and therefore not a proper subject of the charge. Words in *cre*, as *acre*, &c., are expressly stated in the “last Revised Dictionary” to be “necessary exceptions,” because the change into *er* (*acer*) would vitiate the pronunciation. It would have been more candid, therefore, in quoting that Edition, to have adverted to this fact. As to *ochre* and *lustre*, it is not true, as here implied, that these words depart from the general rule in “the last Revised Dictionary.” They are doubled like the other words of this form, with the ending of *er* put first.

Finally, I said, “Webster had seen the *c* of *expeience*, *licence*, and *recompence* (for so these words were spelt forty years ago) changed into *s*.” Q. inquires, “What does Websterian mean by the words in the parenthesis? Who so spelt these words?” I was not quite prepared for such a question, even from Q. These words were so spelt in our English Bible from the time of Tyndale in 1534, down to the close of the last century. I have a copy lying before me, printed in 1785, which retains this orthography; and I presume it may be found in still later editions. Bailey, whose folio dictionary was the immediate predecessor of Johnson’s, gives the same spelling, and does not intimate that any other existed in his day. It was the spelling of Bacon, Shakespeare, Sydney, Locke, and Addison. It is, indeed, a curious fact, that when Johnson changed the *c* of these words into *s*, he could find only one authority out of the nine he adduced under the word *license*, for the new spelling. In all the rest the word stands *licence*. Nor, for a long time, did the authority of Johnson prevail, though supported by the most cogent reasons. The two most popular historians of our language, HUME and ROBERTSON, adhered tena-



ciously to the spelling of *expence*, *licence*, and *recompence*, in their latest historical works. Dr. Webster's influence brought the *s* into American publications and reprints, soon after the publication of his *Spelling Book* in the year 1783. But most men who are over fifty, will remember the spelling of these words with a *c*, as familiar to their eye in childhood, and especially in books of that day from Great Britain. And yet Q. asks very innocently, "Who so spelt these words?" I will only ask, if Johnson, against all these authorities, was justified in changing these words on the ground of analogy, why is Webster censured for merely following his example, and reducing the three which remain to the general rule?

Your readers will be satisfied by this time, that Q. has mistaken his place. There are those, indeed, who can be misled by such perversions of argument, and such ignorance of facts; but they are not found among the readers of the *Literary World*.

## WEBSTERIAN.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, March 8, 1849.

*False Rumors of Spring*—Curious instance of Mis-translation—The Orthographical War—Opera—Winckelmann now first translated—New Books—A Poem by Jas. T. Fields—Eliot's *Liberty of Rome*, &c.

It has been currently reported that the season of spring has come. The report was probably originated by the statements of some absurd almanac, or perhaps by the malicious deceptions practised by hatters in their advertisements at this time of the year. Some miserable wretches are weak enough to believe it, and wander spectrally about, soliloquizing on "ethereal mildness," and all that, while they are tormented by colds, which render two or three of their senses useless—and pierced by a raw easterly wind, in comparison with which the poisoned shirt of Nessus is unworthy of mention.

To a person subject to skyey influences the prospect of a month of bleakness like the present, must be truly suicidal. But there is yet a great deal of pleasure to be found in this inclement season. Though a passionate attachment to a clean crossing is one of my prevailing characteristics, I do love dirty weather in its season. I can really sympathize with the cockney who, returning from a voyage to the Mediterranean, and coming upon a fog-bank, exclaimed to his companions in the cabin, "Come out 'ere, all of you! 'ere's weather as is weather—none of your cursed blue sky!" I was never more alive to the enjoyment of foul weather than on a night last week, while returning from the Opera. It was a dull, cold night, and the city was overhung by a thick fog. I toddled along, full of enthusiasm at the Londonish aspect of things, enjoying even the *mudshine*, as that genial old cockney, Leigh Hunt, calls the reflection of the street lamps in the puddles,—and inspired with the poetry of town life. But my fine phrensy was brought to rather an abrupt and unpleasant close on finding myself ankle deep in a mud puddle near the Old South, and being compelled to finish my course in a pair of overshoes filled with genuine March mush; a severe discipline for the patience and good humor of the natural man.

A singular case of mis-translation which came under my notice the other day, seems worthy of preservation as a curiosity of literature. Michelet, in his "*Histoire de la Republique Romaine*," (Tome 1, Chap. III.) mentions the following, as one of the laws of

the twelve tables, "*Ne façonnez point le bucher avec la hache.*" From the context, if not otherwise, it would be plain to most general readers that the regulation meant, "Thou shalt not shape the funeral pile with the axe." But it is translated by Mr. Hazlitt (son of the essayist), "*Do not shape the butcher with the axe.*"

Speaking of "Curiosities of Literature," Mr. D'Israeli remarks in his "Amenities of Literature," that the ballads of the Early Minstrels were first published by the *harpers*. I have carefully examined the trade-lists and catalogues of the Messrs. Harper, in the hope of finding some trace of them, but without success. That a scholar, so critically exact in matters of this nature as Mr. D'Israeli, should have made such a mistake, and that that enterprising house should allow it to go uncorrected, are to me equal causes of surprise.

The orthographical war concerning Macaulay's History has about died out here—the editor who made the fiercest onslaught upon the Harpers for their "atrocious course," having, by some mysterious agency, been persuaded not only to discontinue his attacks, but to enlist on their side—a conversion which might almost be said to rival in suddenness that of St. Paul.

For the past fortnight, the ears of the lovers of harmony, in Boston, have been breathed upon with such "divine enchanting ravishment" as it is rarely their fortune to listen to. Lucrezia Borgia and Roberto Devereux have been given with fine effect. Most persons, however, seem to be disappointed in the Roberto Devereux. Whatever may be its claims as a skillful piece of composition, it is far from being a pleasing opera. There are some good positions in it, and it is well sung, but (with the exception of Benedetti's magnificent cavatina, in the prison scene) it seems to be wanting in that natural, hearty quality which captivates everybody in the Lucia and Lucrezia. It could not have been satisfactory to the composer himself, for it does not seem, after hearing it, as if he had accomplished his purpose. Truffi and Benedetti are as popular as ever, and little, modest Patti has achieved a deserved triumph by her spirited performance of the Duchess of Nottingham, in Roberto, and the youthful Orsini, in Lucrezia. Her grace and good humor in the latter character, and the arch playfulness which beamed from her bright eyes when she carolled forth the drinking song in the last scene (and she sang it, too, in a *spirit-stirring* manner, as a drinking song should be sung) created quite a *furor* in her favor. Next week, if report speaks truth, we are to have Donizetti's *La Favorita*.

More than a year since I had the pleasure of announcing that a translation of Winckelmann's great work, the History of Ancient Art, was in preparation by a Boston gentleman of undoubted qualifications for the task. One volume of it is nearly through the press, and its publication may be expected about the first of May. It has been translated by Dr. Giles H. Lodge, with the care and fidelity which none but an ardent lover of art would bestow on such a labor. It is to be illustrated by a number of finely executed steel engravings by Mr. Joseph Andrews. It is a sufficient guarantee for the correctness and elegance of its typography to say that the proofs have been scanned by the critical eye of Mr. George Nichols, of Cambridge, and that the work is printing at the University Press. The volume to be first published is, properly speaking, the second volume of the entire work, of which it

forms the most important part, embodying as it does a complete history of ancient Greek Art. It will be followed by the first volume, which contains a sketch of the history of ancient Art in general.

It is nearly a century since Winckelmann made his researches. His work was translated into the French and the Italian more than fifty years ago, and it has now attained the dignity of a classic. It is a work which has been duly appreciated in Germany, and of which she may be justly proud. Menzel, in his "German Literature," speaking of the history of the arts and manners of the ancients, says: "In this department the great Winckelmann stands at the head of all." In another place, he institutes a comparison between Winckelmann and Luther: "The hero of Wittemberg emancipated common sense, when the nonsense and falsehood of the Church had risen to the highest point. Winckelmann emancipated sound taste, when tastelessness, when deformity, were in their highest, and, as it were, most venomous blossoming period. \* \* \* Luther threw off the monk's cowl, and Winckelmann, the pedantry of the schools." That profound and independent critic, Augustus William Schlegel, writing upon Greek Art, says: "The best key to enter this sanctuary of beauty, by deep and self-collected contemplation, is the history of art of our immortal Winckelmann. \* \* \* Winckelmann transformed himself completely into an ancient, and lived only in appearance in his own century, unmoved by its influence."

That, in this age of book-making, there should have been no edition of such a work as this in the English language is indeed astonishing. There can be little doubt that Dr. Lodge's translation will be highly creditable to himself, and that it will prove a valuable addition to our literature. The connoisseur will find that if he has been compelled to wait for his text-book, he has waited to some purpose.

Mr. Henry Colman's new book, "Travels in Europe," is now passing rapidly through the press, and will be published in the course of the next month, by Messrs. Little & Brown. It will be printed in two duodecimo volumes, and, if it sustains the author's reputation, will be one of the most interesting and instructive books of travel ever written. Messrs. Little & Brown have also in the press a new edition of Mr. Colman's large work on European Agriculture, the first having been exhausted.

In a few days Messrs. Ticknor & Company will publish a volume of poems, printed in a style to defy all competition in typography. The author of these one hundred pages, for the book contains no more, in quantity, is Mr. James T. Fields, whose poem, pronounced last November, before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, after an oration by Webster, has been too extensively praised to justify fresh encomiums here. To this, which is the longest poem in the book, Mr. Fields has added a number of minor pieces which are familiar to all, and which richly deserve the perpetuity of print—as well as some which have never before seen the light. The following ballad, from the forthcoming volume, cannot but be admired by all lovers of graceful simplicity. It is founded, I believe, upon an incident which occurred during the author's voyage to Europe, in 1847:—

## BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

"T is a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered in the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"  
So we shuddered there in silence,—  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.  
As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,—  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.  
But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is n't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"  
Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

Mr. Samuel Eliot, whose volume, entitled "Passages in the History of Liberty," published about two years since, gave him at once a high reputation as an earnest and elegant writer, has been engaged for some time past in the production of a new and more extensive work, of a similar character, entitled "The Liberty of Rome: a History. With an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations." It is intended as the first of a series of historical works which Mr. Eliot contemplates writing, and which, when finished, will form a complete History of Liberty. The portion relating to ancient nations contains chapters on India, Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, the Greeks, and the Jews. Such a history, written by a cultivated scholar, whose mind is not soured towards humanity by groping in the dust and ashes of the past, but whose whole soul is glowing with the genuine spirit of his subject, will be a more valuable addition to English literature than entire libraries of the works of those prosers and mere transcribers of facts who aspire to the title of historians. It is to be printed in the style of Mr. Prescott's Historical Works, in two octavo volumes, and will be illustrated by a number of engravings executed in Rome by the best artists. It is now nearly finished, but the publication will be delayed for a short time, as it is to appear simultaneously in this country and in England.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols will publish, in May, a new volume of the choicest Sermons of Dr. Channing; it is to be edited by the Rev. Wm. H. Channing, whose memoir of his illustrious uncle is now attracting a great deal of attention in England. It is understood that this volume is to be followed by others.

Besides Prof. Guyot's Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, announced in the Literary World of the 3d instant, Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln have in press a new book by the Rev. Mr. Magoon, author of the "Proverbs for the People," etc., entitled "Republican Christianity." It is designed as a vindication of the congregational church system, and will answer very well as a companion to Noel's work on the Union of Church and State, which has just been reprinted by the Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. are preparing to print a *fac-simile* of the beautiful Chiswick edition of Shakspeare, to be edited by an able hand. It is now nearly out of print in England.

The new edition of Smyth's Lectures on History, edited by Mr. Nichols of Cambridge, which was announced two or three months since, will be published in April.

The first volume of the Boston Edition of

Macaulay's History of England was published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. last week, and the first edition is already nearly gone. The second volume will appear next week.

Prof. Longfellow's new book, "Kavanagh," will be published about the first of May. It is said by those who have read the manuscript to be superior to Hyperion.

C. B. F.

#### LETTER FROM ALBANY.

*Legislative Non-Proceedings—Divorce Bill—Tribute to Dr. Dunlap—Mr. Squier—Medical Anecdote.*

ALBANY, March 5, 1849.

EARLY this morning the roar of Artillery, as the newspapers say, proclaimed a new Dynasty at Washington—and at six this evening, in the House, the President's Inaugural in print was read by the Clerk. Wonderful Telegraph! which conveys thought by a means immaterial as itself, and brings a whole nation within hearing of its Capital.

Legislation is a very uncertain process. A measure shall be introduced on Monday, by judicious watching of the presence or absence of certain objectors or defenders, hurried through on Tuesday and passed on the same day to a third reading, to protect the eels in Coshocton Creek from unseasonable visitation by eelpots, while a Bill to protect a library from destruction by fire, to continue the payment of a pitiful stipend to a college, or to print an invaluable MS., is dodged, objected to, recommitted to committees, special, joint, of the whole, or on the Shakers, from day to day—till forgotten and overridden by more noisy business.

Certain speakers, too, talk for talk's sake, prosy, interminable, save by want of wind. There is one here, whom a wag from our village has at last discouraged by sending the boys who attend the House, each with a glass of water, to the prosy debater, till three or four stand in a row on his desk, and the laughter of the members finally lets him know that there is something wrong, and he is *quenched*.

The Assembly with great unanimity has passed a bill providing for the printing of the Brodhead Documents and certain other Council Minutes and other papers. The Senate, however, doubts constitutionally. One proposes to let every bookseller who chooses print what he likes—and says that what will *sell* is alone valuable. Admirable Theban! Certain it is, that but for the Senate the State of New York would this year have printed her rare MSS., built a fire-proof house for her Library, and done many other abominable Whig things equally extravagant and aristocratic.

A Bill making several important changes in our laws concerning Divorce, has been for some days before the House, and is exciting much attention and discussion. There is good hope, however, that no change will be made, but that New York will yet remain firm in defence of sexual purity, by the Scriptural rule, and leave "the liberty of Divorce" to newer and more venturesome legislation. The Miltonians here are very able in talent, but as they, like the great name they bear, reason correctly from *false* premises, their ability will, I trust, not save their doctrines from rejection.

The other day I met in a Schenectady weekly, "The Cabinet," some verses, or as the good old phrase hath it, a copy of verses, by a grateful patient to a good Physician, which I venture to send you. A purer, gentler follower of Him who went about healing the sick, than good old Doctor D. does not live. Eminent for Science, yet unpretending and modest, no one well cognisant of the man and his blameless life—a second man of Ross—would suspect his rank as a physician. Here are the verses:—

#### LINES TO DOCTOR THOMAS DUNLAP.

Oh why is it that I, who lose  
The poet's melody so well,  
Have not the golden thread with which  
To string my lyre—its tale to tell?

My fingers should sweet music make—  
A tuneful song I'd sing for thee,  
Made up of gratitude's low voice,  
And gentle tones of charity.

Then I would in thy praises weave  
A lay of such melodious strain,  
That seraphs from their home of light  
Would echo back the sound again.  
I'd tell how heaven an agent finds  
In thee so kindly, gently skilled:  
Responsible thy mission is,  
And gloriously fulfilled.

Proudly the statesman's voice doth ring  
Within his country's halls,  
While men of God most cheerfully  
Respond to duty's calls;  
And chaplets of air are wove for them,  
Of fame's bright sunny flowers;  
And honored seats are waiting them  
In pleasure's fairy bowers.

But who shall twine a fitting wreath  
To crown thy kindly brow—  
To rest upon thy rev'renced head,  
Where lie the snow-flakes now?  
Bring tears of humble poverty  
For diamonds rich and bright;  
And with them brilliant smiles of wealth,  
Radiant with joy and light.

We'll twine them on the evergreen  
That grows on virtue's tree,  
And tie them with the silver cord  
Of purest sympathy:  
Then lay it on the furrowed brow  
Where age has done its part—  
Cold age, that cannot find a home  
Within thy generous heart.

The wreath is twined most carelessly,  
The song is faint and weak;  
But thoughts oft lie within the heart  
Lips try in vain to speak;  
And many a prayer ascends for thee,  
That finds no fitting word—  
Albeit they pass you silently,  
They're travelling heavenward.

The manner in which everybody's friend gets everybody's petitions for office, signed here, is ridiculous in both Eastern and Western sense (see Bartlett's Glossary of Yankeeism). All the members daily sign two or three petitions; and if I have not signed several prayers that President Taylor would graciously grant the same office to three different men, I am greatly mistaken.

E. Geo. Squier has lately received a "lift" here in a quarter likely to serve him to purpose. He desires the post of *Chargé* to Guatemala, for the sake of scientific research. A proper memorial was prepared, signed by the Speaker and certain leading members of the Assembly, and then sent to the care of a Revolutionary veteran high in the confidence of the President, and now in Washington. If the office be not already given away, science will soon have an ardent antiquarian, under proper Government auspices, at work in Central America, in prosecuting the researches which Stephens and Norman have begun.

There is a good story told here concerning a leading politician of your city, who, being on excellent terms with the Alms-House authorities, used frequently to dine there with wife and daughter on summer days. One day the roast pig was uncommonly fine—such as taught *Bo-Bo* to burn down houses in China when pigs were first roasted (see *Elia*)—well, dinner over, and the Resident Physician chatting with his guest—"Pray, Doctor, what do you feed your pigs?—I never saw such delicious crackling, such dainty pork." "Oh, my dear Sir, we give them the *poultices* from the hospital!" The unhappy politician became *sea-sick* incontinently, and eateth pig no more. Good night.

TROY.

HOW THE ACTORS ACTED WHEN THEY HAD A BAD HOUSE.—To the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Heraclius," which is a good play; but they did so spoil it with their laughing, and being all of them out, and with the noise they made within the theatre, that I was ashamed of it, and resolved not to come thither again a good while, believing that this negligence, which I never observed before, proceeds only from their want of company in the pit, that they have no care how they act.—*Pepys's Diary.*



## Original Poetry.

[We are indebted for the following poem, a passage from a larger work embodying some of the features of the most remarkable period in morals and intellect of English history, to a gentleman of Cambridge, WILLIAM G. DIX, who some time since published a volume, "Pompeii and other Poems," which was noteworthy for its thought and careful elaboration, notwithstanding its immaturity of versification. The selection of the present subject is evidence of a peculiar range of studies and thought. It lies out of the highroad of modern fashionable poetry. Once the Old Poets wrote historical chronicles with great power and beauty, but they do not belong to the best appreciated portions of English poetry. The incident which Mr. Dix has chosen, it will be seen, relates to the reign of Queen Mary—introducing Cranmer and Latimer.]

## LAMBETH.

## I.

WHEN nature, sighing o'er the faded sun,  
Hushes to silence the glad tongues of day,  
And sobers the wide scene with colors dun,  
Since to its rest hath gone each brighter ray  
Busied and weary in effulgent play,  
At Lambeth, Cranmer's meditation deep  
O'er the sad fleetness of his hope's decay  
Bathes all his spirit, and he can but weep  
That suffering soon, intense, his long served  
change must reap.

## II.

The primate's mind glides swiftly o'er the past,  
Recalling changes of his varied life,  
The clouds that oft darkly his path o'ercast,  
The dangers, snares, surprises, frequent strife  
Among the courtly circles ever rife,  
Still envy's guile and lurking treachery,  
Foes visored, seeming friends, the secret knife,  
The rank, reviling tongue all bitterly  
Spending its poisoned words of sharp malignity.

## III.

How calmly o'er the state's horizon glowed  
The star of Edward on its upward way!  
With what serenity and beauty flowed  
From the bright orb the glad, reviving day!  
How superstition fled before its ray!  
It beamed a messenger of good to man.  
On its gem-paved career it would not stay,  
But seemed about the sky's extent to span,  
While men looked up with joy, eclipse its path  
o'eran.

## IV.

What gift more precious than a trusty friend,  
When hopes have been transmuted into fears,  
Whose voice, like armor, will the heart defend,  
Though well nigh burst with agony and tears!  
Though the bright sun to the dull eye appears  
Robed with a pall, the calm, soft whisperings  
fill  
With strange emotion him that eager hears  
The low, foreboding murmur, then is still,  
And the soothed heart grows strong through new-  
implanted will.

## V.

A friend hath come in this dark, troubled hour,  
To meet the primate at his sad abode;  
He hath himself endured affliction's power,  
And bent beneath the pressure of its load,  
Along the path of duty's rugged road.  
It is no other than good Latimer,  
The prelate used to set the Christian code,  
To view with plainness, and the heart to stir,  
And truth's demands to all with equal zeal aver.

## VI.

With manly step and bearing enters he  
Beneath the roof to sacred memories dear,  
Salutes the primate with grace cordial, free,  
And shows a face without a line of fear.  
The primate greets him with a welcoming tear.  
"My brother Cranmer," says the sacred man,  
As looking kindly he advances near,  
"Tis not the time with titles high to fan,  
Or to be fanned, but speak as brothers ought and  
can.

## VII.

"Are we not brothers by a patent far  
Nobler than nature's heraldry can give?  
Our bright emblazonry is that signal star  
In whose soft light the blessed soul may live.  
Our tie of brotherhood no fate can rive.  
One Lord is ours, one hope of an estate  
Richer than dextrous art can here contrive,  
One sweet enjoyment ours, and by one hate  
Are we pressed by pursuit at this immediate date.

## VIII.

"Far from distraction of the noisy day,  
I hoped the years of closing life to spend,  
In setting forth, in my plain, homely way,  
Supernal truth, where'er my steps should bend.  
To the Queen's council-hall I soon shall wend,  
Inquiring not what may the day unfold,  
When, for my presence shall men eager send,  
I quickly go through pressing heat or cold,  
To solace dying men, or tell the faith I hold.

## IX.

"What, though the night portentous now hath  
come,  
And faded is the star our way that led!  
What, though some friends abroad in exile  
room!  
And the whole air is full of sighs of dread,  
And many's lively hope now seemeth dead!  
Let our hearts courage take: the day will  
dawn,  
This wide o'erspreading gloom will soon have  
sped.  
Ourselves, perchance, may at the light be gone,  
But it will yet expand o'er hill, and stream, and  
lawn."

## X.

As the wave-weary voyager who hath been  
By leaden clouds of storm o'ercanopied,  
And from his course swept by the tempest keen,  
Rejoices for the opening blue descried,  
That edges slowly, and then spreadeth wide;  
So was revived the primate's fainting soul,  
At this good utterance of a friend well-tried.  
O'er him the sky began its light unroll,  
And his heart's full response from lips of wisdom  
stole.

## XI.

"Hast thou, ne'er, in an hour of sadness heard  
Tones of far music in the singing air,  
Uttered by human voice or warbling bird,  
And they have steadied thy quick breath of  
care,  
While was the spirit listening unaware?  
So have thy words, thrilling mine ear intent,  
Suspended the dull weight my heart doth bear,  
To make the tension of my soul relent  
Thy welcome, well-known voice, kind Heaven  
hath hither sent.

## XII.

"To hold one's station at war's crowded front,  
When steel, like Mars at night, gleams in broad  
day,  
A smaller potion from the enlivening font  
Of courage needs, than keeping foes at bay,  
That spring whence they in waiting covert lay.  
About us lieth many a secret snare  
To interrupt the quiet of our way.  
Yet look, my brother, towards yon sky, how  
there  
The three bright stars of life their peerless vesture  
wear.

## XIII.

"Should wings of direful pestilence o'ershade  
The sunny land, with sorrowful dismay,  
And make the bloom of smiling health to fade,  
Should not God's minister of mercy stay?  
Now, when a murkier wing shuts out the day,  
And the storm lowers in the heavy sky,  
Ready to winnow ruin in its way,  
Our tended vine, may we stand closely nigh,  
Though should the hot bolt come, and angry  
heave it high.

## XIV.

"And since, as you, my brother, truly say,  
The day will dawn, let our souls be content."  
"Aye, surely, surely," in his nervous way,  
The good man then replied, "my heart ne'er  
meant  
That any rising, unbenign portent,  
Striving to make the genial sunshine dim,  
Should find its dial from the true sun bent.  
I ne'er have learned my sail of faith to trim,  
To lure preferment's breeze, or suit a patron's  
whim.

## XV.

"In recent wandering by a hedge of green,  
Of starry Truth's abode on earth, a sign  
I saw—a bird covered with dewy sheen,  
Caught in a net of closely-woven twine.  
It panting lay, uneasy, in its line.  
Silent was now the gladness of its trill,  
Struggling incessantly it burst the line.  
Instant began the startled air to thrill  
With tones of melody, that seem to quiver still."

## XVI.

The chords responded, then, of Cranmer's  
heart,  
Touched, as a lute, by an instructed hand:  
"So, also, he who striveth on truth's part,  
Will oft be compassed by a stifling band,  
And many foes, at all points, must withstand,  
Whose ears attuned not to Truth's fine accord,  
Through human lips accenting God's command,  
Are grated by the softest, silveriest word,  
In which the gem divine of wisdom can be  
stored."

## XVII.

"Through the close gratings of the Tower's  
thick wall,  
We soon shall look upon the narrowed sky,"  
Says Father Latimer, "nor is that all,  
The hand of peril's clock denoteth nigh.  
How well is named that Tower so broad and  
high!  
Our souls may, thence, rise up so near heaven's  
door,  
That they may list the minstrelsy float by  
Of seraphs who the Lord of Life adore.  
Less high could one ascend from Shinar's Tower  
of yore."

## XVIII.

Adds Cranmer, "When the soul is free, 'twill  
make  
The narrow room immeasurable space.  
Chains it will render wings; the sun will  
break  
Through walls, and radiate in the darkest  
place;  
And contumely will, then, sound as the grace  
Of blessings spoken by the saints of old.  
Pale fear, itself dismayed, will hide its face.  
A dungeon will be tapestried with gold,  
The inwoven strength of Christ will make the  
faint heart bold."

## XIX.

The friends thus ended their conjoint discourse,  
And Father Latimer retiring said,  
"Draw from the heavenly-high exhaustless  
source,  
And may thy way by faith's calm light be led."  
"God's peace shine ever round thy lowly head,"  
Gave Cranmer as his simple, parting dower,  
His friend's adieu was this—"May grace be  
shed  
O'er us, o'er all, at this momentous hour,  
Farewell, until we meet, my brother, at the  
Tower."

## EPIGRAM FROM THE GERMAN.

THREE things give every charm to life,  
And every grief control—  
A mellow wine, a smiling wife,  
And an untainted soul.

## The Fine Arts.

## FINE ART INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. J. MOZIER has recently completed several portrait busts admirable as likenesses, and in spirit and execution. In two female busts he has introduced a decided novelty in the management of drapery, a light shawl being thrown over the shoulders and drawn through a band in front, displaying the figure and forming beautiful folds. It is a departure from the simplicity of the antique, and perhaps too fanciful to be generally adopted, but we do not see the necessity of implicitly following the ancients in sculpture any more than in architecture, of which noble science it is but a branch. The mediæval sculptures are well worthy the attention of artists as regards this particular point, the management of drapery.

Mr. Mozier has as yet produced but one ideal work, a bust of Pocahontas. It is one of the ornaments of the choice collection of a gentleman of this city.

MR. LEUTZE, the well known historical painter, returns to this country in the spring, from Dusseldorf.

We do not know where an hour may be more profitably spent by those interested in the study of the Fine Arts, than in the studio of Mr. J. K. FISHER, Broadway. The visitor will find a large room lined with copies of the most celebrated pictures of the European Galleries, forming the largest collection of its class we remember to have seen in this country or abroad. Among them the following may be mentioned. From Titian, *The Assumption of the Virgin*, his greatest work, *The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple*, *Cain and Abel*, *David and Goliath*, *Death of Peter Martyr* (a work often referred to by writers on Art) in Venice, *The Venus of the Tribune*, *Marriage of St. Catharine*, the *Flora* in Florence, the *Three Graces*, *Sacred and Profane Love*, *Marriage of St. Catharine* in Rome, the *Danae* in Naples. From Tintoretto, the *Crucifixion* and the *Miracle of the Slave* in Venice. From Paul Veronese, *The Supper at the House of Levi*, *Holy Family*, *Gen. Vivere* giving thanks for the victory of Lepanto, in Venice, *Martyrdom of St. Justina* in Florence, *John the Baptist Preaching*, *Venus and the Satyr* in Rome. From Correggio, *The Holy Family* (with St. Jerome) in Parma, the *Danae* in Rome, *Marriage of St. Catharine*, *Madonna del Coniglio* in Naples. From Daniel di Volterra, the *Descent from the Cross* in Rome, regarded by many as the fourth in value of the greatest paintings in the world. From Raphael, the *Incendio del Borgo*, one of the Vatican frescoes. From this enumeration it will be seen that the Artist is an admirer of the Venetians (as who familiar with Art can fail to be?), and leans to the sensuous rather than the spiritual schools.

The copy of the Greek Slave in charge of Mr. Kellogg has arrived in New Orleans, and is open for exhibition in the Hall of the House of Representatives, the use of which was tendered by the Speaker in the following complimentary terms.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16, 1849.

SIR: The advent to our city of a perfect and faultless copy of that unrivalled work of modern art, "The Greek Slave," for public exhibition and for the benefit of the sculptor, is to my mind a fit occasion for me (in performance of a resolution of the House of Representatives of this State, adopted last winter, intrusting to me the general superin-

tendence and disposal of the Representative Hall, to the public, for purposes of science or utility) to offer to you, sir, the use of the Chamber of Representatives, in the State-house, in which you may exhibit "the Slave" as long as you may decide to remain in New Orleans.

The presence at this time, among us, of a work approved of by Mr. Powers, as being so perfect a duplicate of the original plaster still in his possession, renders the offer I now tender to you most just and appropriate, and peculiarly so from the fact that the State of Louisiana has lately commissioned Mr. Powers to execute a great work of art, without limitations or restrictions of any kind to the artist, except the subject of the work.

For these considerations, sufficiently strong in themselves, and from no other motives whatever, I hereby tender to you, as the agent and friend of Mr. Powers, and for the purpose herein expressed, the occupation and use of the Chamber of the House of Representatives, and the rooms adjacent, as long as you remain with us.

Hoping that Mr. Powers will duly appreciate the entire motive, and the same be acceptable to you, as his friend, I am, most truly,

Your obedient servant,

PRESTON W. FARRAR,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.  
To Miner K. Kellogg, Esq., New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16, 1849.

SIR: Your kind note of this morning has just been received, and I hasten to thank you for the very obliging and complimentary offer it conveys. It is an additional evidence of the good feeling which the people of this State so long entertained for Mr. Powers, and which was so lately manifested by the "commission" mentioned in your note.

In accepting, as I most cheerfully do, the proffer you have made, allow me, sir, to assure you that Mr. Powers will appreciate to the fullest extent, the honors which your State has so generously paid to his talents, and the esteem in which it holds his personal character; my only regret, however, is, that Mr. Powers cannot make, in person, those acknowledgments for your kindness which I know he must feel, but which, in the present instance, it has devolved upon me to express for him, in these inadequate terms.

I am, sir, with great esteem,

Your obedient servant,

M. K. KELLOGG.

Hon. Preston W. Farrar,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Robb's copy is still exhibiting in connexion with a copy of Titian's *Venus* in marble, by the Italian sculptor Bartolini, for the benefit of the new asylum for destitute females.

The advertising columns of the same paper contain a further compliment to the genius of our great sculptor in the announcement that "the new, fast running steamer *HIRAM POWERS*" was shortly to leave for Pittsburgh.

We understand that the collection of paintings belonging to Mr. DE LA FOREST, late French Consul, is shortly to be offered at public auction.

— The Art-Union Exhibition for 1849 has been opened to the public. The gallery exhibits a goodly array of paintings, an earnest of a brilliant year ahead. The inducements to subscribers, we have reason to think, will far exceed those of previous years. Sundry movements in progress will, from time to time, be announced. We shall enter upon a

more particular notice of the "Gallery" in our next. Several fine landscapes, just received from Cropsey and Cranch from Italy, may be seen by the visitors to the Art-Union at the adjacent rooms of Mr. Ridner.

By the report of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts on the British House of Parliament, it appears that three new frescoes have been completed in the House of Lords. They are, "Religion" by J. C. Horsley; "The Spirit of Chivalry" by D. Maclise; and "Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward III." by C. W. Cope. The two remaining compartments are to be filled by "Justice" by D. Maclise; and "Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.) acknowledging the authority of C. J. Gaseigne" by C. W. Cope.

An important work has been intrusted to Mr. Dyce. It is the decoration of the Queen's Robing Room with the legend of King Arthur, in fresco, the work to be completed in six years, and the artist to receive \$800 a year. The work must be far in advance of any of the artist's previous efforts, or those of any other English artist, to be worthy of the subject. The English government have shown a laudable zeal for the Arts in their Houses of Parliament, but the result thus far has been by no means in accordance with the expenditure, except in gorgeousness.

We find in the Athenæum the regulations for the admission of works of Art, to the Parisian Exposition this year, adopted by the Commission of Artists established shortly after the Revolution by the Provisional Government. "Every artist, on sending in his work, may deposit in an urn the names of the jurors of his choice. The urns will be three in number; one for painters, engravers, and lithographers, one for sculptors and engravers of medals, and one for architects; every artist in the first of these categories may write fifteen names on his bulletin—in the second, nine—in the third, five. The urns will be opened by the Director of the Fine Arts, in presence of the Presidents of the Academy, and of the Commission of the Fine Arts, and the Director of the Museums. Out of their contents three special juries will be formed, the first consisting of the twelve painters or amateurs, two engravers, and one lithographer, who shall have the relative majority in that section—the second of the seven sculptors or amateurs, and the two medal engravers similarly indicated—the third, of the five architects or amateurs. Each jury will be the judge of its own section, determining by the majority, and an equality of votes being a decision in favor of admission. Works by members of the Institute, the grand prize men of Rome, artists who have been decorated for their works, and medallists of the first and second class, are received without passing through this ordeal."

COMPLETION OF THE LOUVRE.—The ministers of the public works and the interior have called upon the city of Paris to concur in the expenditure required for completing the Louvre, by paying the amount of the indemnifications, for the property which must necessarily be purchased for the continuation of the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue de l'Oratoire, the state undertaking the expense of the buildings and the acquisition of the ground which will be required for them, and for the Place du Carrousel. The estimates are: for the ground required for completing the Louvre, 6,379,250 francs; for the buildings and other works, 23,000,000 francs; and for the continuation of the Rue de Rivoli, 3,119,630



frances. The municipal council, at its sitting on Friday, came to the resolution that the city should contribute the 3,119,630 francs towards the continuation of the Rue de Rivoli. The plans for the new buildings comprise the establishment of the National Library, in the wing to be constructed towards the Rue de Rivoli; special galleries for the annual exhibition of the works of modern painters and sculptors, and for the periodical exhibition of the products of the useful arts, next the gallery of the museum; and the formation of an intermediate quadrangle, with a colossal fountain in the centre, surrounded by four quineunxes, ornamented with statues.

### What is Talked About.

*Professor Hows's Reading of Shylock—Close of Mr. Dana's Lectures—Mrs. Butler—Panorama of the Hudson—The Macaulay Fever—Theatrical Movements—Greeley's "Health to Harry Clay"—Underrating the Popular Intelligence—Case of Elisha Robbins.*

— In agreement with the fashion of the hour, Professor Hows, of Columbia College, read, by invitation, at the lecture room of the Mercantile Library, *The Merchant of Venice*, upon which he has bestowed peculiar study, as his preface to that play, in the current edition of the "Modern Standard Drama," bears ample testimony. He has there shown several examples of the variety of the character, in instances generally overlooked even by well educated actors, as the bantering of the Jew in the first interview with Bassanio. This was effectively brought out by Mr. Hows in his readings, and the characters generally marked with great discrimination. The drama in New York owes much to Mr. H., who has given a steady support to its better phases in his articles weekly in the New York Albion, in which journal he has long been established in the responsible and influential position of theatrical critic.

— Mr. DANA closed his course of lectures at the University Chapel, on Friday of last week, with Hamlet. It was a philosophical exposition of the character, based upon feeling and reflection. In this respect Mr. Dana's lectures are unique. We do not remember a single instance of a public speaker whose remarks have impressed us so fully throughout with the conviction of the sincerity of their growth, as a product of real life and experience. There may have been frequent coincidences with the thoughts of others, but we were never reminded of any of them. His words were results, not of the study of brilliant authors, but of the accretions of patient meditation, schooled in the science of the heart. "Years that bring the philosophic mind" never brought a purer or maturer wisdom. Deductions, the most subtle and profound, came to the hearer with the force of instincts. The part everywhere yielded to the whole. The rhetoric was forgotten in the philosophy, the manners were sunk in the man. What was spiritual was left, and it had in Mr. Dana's hands a life-giving vitality. We are pleased to learn that the course of lectures is now being delivered with success at Brooklyn. We trust soon to have the satisfaction of reading these lectures in print.

— Mrs. Butler's Readings still continue as extraordinarily attractive as ever. The room, capable of holding some six hundred, is crowded to its utmost capacity four times a

week, at double the prices received in Boston. The best seats are occupied an hour before the reading begins. Would it not be well to take the Opera House, now disengaged? It could probably be secured at very reasonable rates, and the curtain dropped would reduce the house to suitable limits for the voice. Places might then be secured and the audience not be wearied before the performance begins. This would allow, too, a suitable pause between the two parts into which the play is generally divided. Mrs. Butler's readings in comedy have been well received. Bottom and his comrades, Caliban, and even Falstaff and Dame Quickly, are to be added to the roll. "Much Ado About Nothing" yet remains behind, which must form one of the most attractive of the series.

— The new Hudson River Panorama of Messrs. Townsend and Orr was opened on Monday. It is quite worthy of the public expectation, presenting, in a complete series, the prominent views from the ocean at the Narrows to West Point, including both sides of the river and many interiors, so to speak, on the shore. Thus we have a complete presentation of the vineyards, at Croton Point, of Dr. Underhill, and make the entire circuit of the Government grounds at West Point, surveying all the buildings, witnessing the military exercises, &c. The scenes in the bay and harbor are striking, as the Cunard steamer, the little emigrant steamer *Dash*, overloaded with passengers. On the Hudson, the river craft, the hay boats, timber sloops, the quarter-of-a-mile steamers, &c., are introduced in a striking manner; while the shore scenery, the Palisades, Rockland Lake, Stony Point, &c., are given with very happy effect. It is altogether quite a superior work, and will, doubtless, crown the patient labor and liberal expenditure of capital, on the part of the proprietors, with a handsome return. It is stated to have been two years in preparation, and to have cost \$25,000. Mr. Hillyard, of the late Park theatre, is the leading artist, assisted by Bengough, Evers, Kyle, and others. The exhibition is well worthy of taking its place as a leading metropolitan attraction of the coming season.

— The publication of MACAULAY'S History has created the usual "flurry" among readers and newspapers, greatly to the profit of the trade, who are multiplying editions in various forms, while an unusual demand exists among the importers for the original English copies. Macaulay is everywhere the rage, just as Alison was devoured a few years since by men, women, and children. "Never," says the *Providence Journal*, "since the days of the Waverley Novels, has any book been anticipated with such high raised hopes. Never, since that day, have the highest anticipations been so completely realized. Busy men, in these hard times, perplexed with the absorbing cares of business, find time to read Macaulay. Women take up Macaulay in the intervals of household anxiety and toil. Boys encounter with eager haste the great work of Macaulay, and we have heard of at least one girl of twelve years of age, who will not be persuaded to lay aside Macaulay." The Boston correspondent of the *Newbury Herald* writes: "The last lecture of the series before the Mercantile Library Association, promises to be a rich treat. The Hon. Rufus Choate is the lecturer, and for his subject has selected—Thoughts suggested by Mr. Macaulay's History." Mr. Choate will give the history

of New England, at the period the brilliant essayist has depicted that of old England, and draw a parallel between the two countries. This will afford an ample field for his brilliant fancy and matchless rhetoric." There are now four independent editions of Macaulay's History for sale, or ready for immediate publication. Messrs. Harper will issue a cheap edition in the style of Alison's Europe, and a house in Philadelphia will publish each volume complete for twenty-five cents!

The London Correspondent (P.) of the *Spirit of the Times* notices the decline of the starring theatrical system in England, many of the most distinguished performers, as Mrs. Nisbett, Helen Faucit, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Glover, Farren, Vandenhoff, Brooke Anderson, and others, having had no engagement in the metropolis for a long time. The Keans are permanently engaged at the Haymarket. The prospect before the "stars," it seems, is "low terms in the provinces, or to fight their way through the United States. All eyes are now turned towards America. Every actor and actress wishes to go there at once. I continually hear of parties—good, bad, and indifferent, in their respective professions, as actors, artists, vocalists, and instrumentalists—who are about to try their fortunes in America."

— HORACE GREELEY winds up his congressional Washington correspondence, on the night of the Inauguration Ball, with a health to Harry Clay, which, though drunk in water, is quite as remarkable a specimen of eloquence as anything perpetrated under the champagne of the capitol in the last hours of the senate. The enthusiasm is in the man himself, not in the liquor. "Let those," he writes, "who will, flatter the chief dispenser of Executive Patronage, discovering in every act and feature some resemblance to Washington—I am content to wait and watch, and hope I burn no incense on his altar, attach no flattering epithets to his name. I turn from this imposing pageant, so rich in glitter, so poor in feeling, to think of him who *should* have been the central figure of this grand panorama—the distant, the powerless, the unforgotten—behind the mountains, but not setting—the eloquent champion of Liberty in both hemispheres—whose voice thrilled the hearts of the uprising, the long trampled sons of Leonidas and Xenophon—whose appeals for South American independence were read to the hostily mustered squadrons of Bolivar, and nerved them to sweep from this fair continent the myrmidons of Spanish oppression. My heart is with him in his far Southern abiding-place—with him the early advocate of African Emancipation, the life-long champion of a diversified Home Industry; of Internal Improvement; and not less glorious in his later years as the stern reprove of the fatal spirit of Conquest and Aggression. Let the exulting thousands quaff their red wines at the revel to the victor of Monterey and Buena Vista, while Wit points the sentiment with an epigram, and Beauty crowns it with her smiles: More grateful to me the stillness of my lonely chamber, this cup of crystal water in which I honor the cherished memory with the old, familiar aspiration—

"Here's to you, HARRY CLAY!"

— *Holden's Magazine* for February comes nearer to our idea of the proper province of a magazine, in some of its leading features, than any of the monthlies of the day. It has variety, gossip, and contemporary

interest. The "Topics of the Month," excellently well handled as usual, contain an improvement of a hint recently thrown out in the *Literary World*. "Publishers of magazines should not underrate the intelligence of the public." This is well said; and similar advice might be well bestowed upon every class of people who provide intellectual entertainment for the public. DON'T UNDERRATE THE INTELLIGENCE OF YOUR HEARERS, might be put up over the pulpits of all the churches; the chairs of all the lecturers; the rostrums of our political orators, and the halls of all our legislative bodies; *Don't underrate the intelligence of your subscribers*, would be a most becoming inscription for the managerial room of the Art-Union, reminding the committee of that popular institution that other people have eyes and understandings as well as themselves; don't underrate the intelligence of your audiences, would be an excellent admonition, too, for all theatrical places of amusement; it is the fatal rock upon which the majority of those enterprises for enlightening the public split, which fail of their object, to underrate the intelligence of the public."

The *Boston Traveller* publishes the following account of a case of return to reason after forty years' insanity.—"We stated, the other day, in general terms, the case of a man in the Newton Poor House, who, after an insanity of about forty years (thirty of which he was chained), had recovered his reason. The name of this unfortunate man is Elisha Robbins, formerly a shoemaker by trade. He was born about the year 1786, and is therefore nearly sixty-four years of age. He was 24 years old when first seized with insanity. At that time he had just lost his wife, by whom he had two children, then living. Soon after his seizure, he was so violent that it became necessary to chain him down, without clothes save a shirt, and with only straw to sleep upon. This course was rendered absolutely necessary by his habits, which were no better than those of the beasts of the field.

"At one time the paupers were farmed out by the town to the lowest bidders. Among others was Robbins, who was chained in a barn by his keeper, where he was found one day with his feet frozen so as to render their amputation necessary. He was forthwith removed, and since that time has had every comfort compatible with his situation—his room being always kept warm. About a year ago, Robbins first began to exhibit signs of returning reason. It was observed that he paid more attention to personal cleanliness. He was encouraged, and shortly appeared—after the lapse of nearly half a century—in the clothing of a man. Soon after he was allowed to wander about the building, and at times he would turn to and help in light work, such as husking corn, &c.

"Finally, he began to talk of persons and places familiar in his youthful days, before reason was clouded; but beyond that period, all to him is blank. He described with perfect accuracy places with which he was conversant in his earlier days; spoke of the companions of that period; of one in particular, whom he denominated 'a gal' though if now living she has attained to over three score years. He has been tried in various ways as to the verge of his memory; but it always stops at the commencement of his insanity.—One day themarriage of an acquaintance, which took place in his early days of reason, was mentioned, and the name of the bride intentionally misstated. He instantly corrected the error, and gave the right name. When asked in what year he was

born? he replies, 'About 1786'—but still insists that he is but twenty-four years of age. At the last accounts he continued to improve, and it was hoped that reason was again firmly seated upon her throne."

### Publishers' Circular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—C. L. received. The arrangement is every way satisfactory. The Spring Flower, The Building and Birds,—on file for insertion. Talbotypes; Apollo L. A. D.; J. J. R. received.

The CLIII. meeting of the *Colonel's Club* in our next.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* suggests to the trade the expediency of always publishing prices in the advertisements of their books, according to the English plan, and urges the matter by the consideration of the new facilities open to bookbuyers through the country, by railway communication, &c., who stand in need of this information. Many booksellers do advertise the prices. We think there are but few who would hesitate, as the writer hints; lest they should lose the opportunity of underselling. This is his language.

"I am aware that American booksellers have a degree of shyness about competition, and are afraid that others will sell below advertised prices. But, certainly, you have in Boston, by this time, bookselling houses, which ought to be above these twopenny apprehensions. Let any responsible house commence the right practice—advertise prices fully, fairly, and invariably—stick to it for a reasonable time, and the whole matter will soon come right, and then we shall no more think of keeping dark about the price of books than of concealing the daily auction sales of stocks. Your brokers will tell you that they sell many thousands of dollars worth of stocks every year, to people living in the country, over and above what they would sell if stock sales were not published.

JOHN WILEY announces A Memoir of David Hale, with selections from his writings, by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson. Lindsley's Theory of Horticulture, edited by Downing. The Art and Science of Architecture. A Manual for Academies and Amateurs, by R. Cary Long, A. M., Architect, with illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo.

BAKER & SCRIBNER announce a new edition with original designs of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy. Letters of Leisure; written at the Breathing-Times of more Rapid Labor, by N. P. Willis. 1 vol. 12mo. Living Orators in America, by E. L. Magoon. 12mo. Europe from the West, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. A Commentary on the Acts, by the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, D.D. Scenes in the Adirondack Mountains, by J. T. Headley, with original designs, by Gignoux and Ingraham. The Border Warfare of New York, or Annals of Tryon County, by the Hon. W. W. Campbell, also by the same author, The Life and Writings of De Witt Clinton.

MR. FENIMORE COOPER has in press, to be published in a few weeks, "New York, Past, Present, and Future," in two vols. octavo. Mr. Cooper has also on the eve of publication a new romance, under the title of "Sea Lions."

LONGFELLOW has in press a new romance, to be called "Kavanagh." "Kavanagh! Kavanagh! This must be an Irish subject from the name—must it not? We are all impatient to know if Longfellow is really trying his hand on an Irish subject."—*The Nation*.

GEO. H. DERBY & Co., Buffalo, have just ready, "Epidemic Cholera: its History, Causes, Pathology, and Treatment," by C. B. Coventry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical Institution of Geneva College, Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Buffalo.

MEMOIR OF FÉNELON DISCOVERED.—*La Démocratique Pacifique* says that a memoir of Fénelon, in his own handwriting, has been discovered among

some old papers in the Douai Museum, by the librarian, M. Duthilleul; it is now in press. May not this publication throw some light upon the conjecture of Mr. Greenhow, as to the residence of Fénelon in America?

ROE LOCKWOOD & SON, 411 Broadway, have just received from Paris a large assortment of miscellaneous books—many of which are new—in French, Spanish, and Italian, to which they invite attention.

### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 3D TO 17TH.

- Allen (R. L.).—The American Farm Book; or Compend of American Agriculture. 100 engs. 12mo. pp. 326. (C. M. Saxton.)
- Ansted (D. T.).—The Gold-Seekers' Manual. 12mo. pp. 96 (D. Appleton & Co.)
- Bull (T. M.D.).—The Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease. 8vo. pp. 406 (Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.)
- Bulwer Lytton (Sir E.).—The Caxtons: a Family Picture. Pt. 1. 8vo. pp. 72 (Harper & Brothers.)
- Charlotte Elizabeth.—Humility before Honor, and other Tales and Illustrations, with Memoir by Wm. B. Sprague, D.D. 18mo. pp. 195 (Albany: E. H. Pease & Co.)
- D'Aubigné (J. H. Merle).—Germany, England, and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister. 12mo. pp. 371 (Carter & Brothers.)
- Ferguson (Adam).—History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic. 8vo. pp. 493 (Carter & Brothers.)
- Field (R. L.).—The Provincial Courts of New Jersey, with Sketches of the Bench and Bar. A Discourse delivered before the N. J. Historical Society. 8vo. pp. 312 (Bartlett & Welford.)
- Fremont (Col. J. C.).—The Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, and California; to which is added a description of the Physical Geography of California, with recent notices of the Gold Region. 8vo. pp. 456 (Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co.)
- Fry (Caroline).—Scripture Reader's Guide to the Devotional use of the Holy Scriptures. 18mo. pp. 164 (Carter & Brothers.)
- Gore (Mrs.).—The Diamond and the Pearl. 8vo. pp. 123 (H. Long & Brother.)
- Here a Little and there a Little; or, Scripture Facts. 18mo. pp. 274 (Baker & Scribner.)
- Hook (W. F. D.D.).—Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Pt. 1, Advent to Lent. 32mo. pp. 318 (Baltimore Prot. Epis. Female Tract Soc.)
- Irving's (W.) Works, Vol. 7. Tales of a Traveller. 16mo. pp. 456 (G. P. Putnam.)
- Macaulay (T. B.).—History of England, Vols. 1 and 2. (Boston: Phillips & Sampson.)
- Macaulay (T. B.).—Essays and Reviews; or, Scenes and Characters; being a Selection of the most Eloquent Passages from his Writings. 18mo., pp. 214 (Buffalo: G. H. Derby & Co.)
- Macaulay (T. B.).—The History of England. Vol. 1. 8vo. pp. 198 (Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.)
- Massachusetts Quarterly Review, No. 6. 8vo. (Boston: Coolidge & Wiley.)
- Muller (H. M.D.).—Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Human Parturition. (J. B. Cousins, Louisville.)
- Noel (B. W.).—Essay on the Union of Church and State. 8vo. pp. 442 (Harper & Brothers.)
- Orton (J. W.).—The Miner's Guide and Metallurgist's Directory. 18mo. pp. 86 (A. S. Barnes & Co.)
- The Pearl of Days; or, the Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes. By a Laborer's Daughter. 12mo. pp. 133 (M. W. Dodd.)
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- Percy; or, The Old Love and the New: A Novel. By the Author of the "Hen-pecked Husband." 8vo. pp. 127 (H. Long & Bro.)
- Proceedings of the New York Historical Society, January and February, 1849. Pp. 62.
- Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book and Young Housekeeper's Assistant. 12mo. pp. 132 (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)
- Reynolds (J. L.).—Church Polity; or, the Kingdom of Christ. 18mo. pp. 240 (Richmond: Harrold & Murray.)
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